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For the Spring...

by ERIC HILL

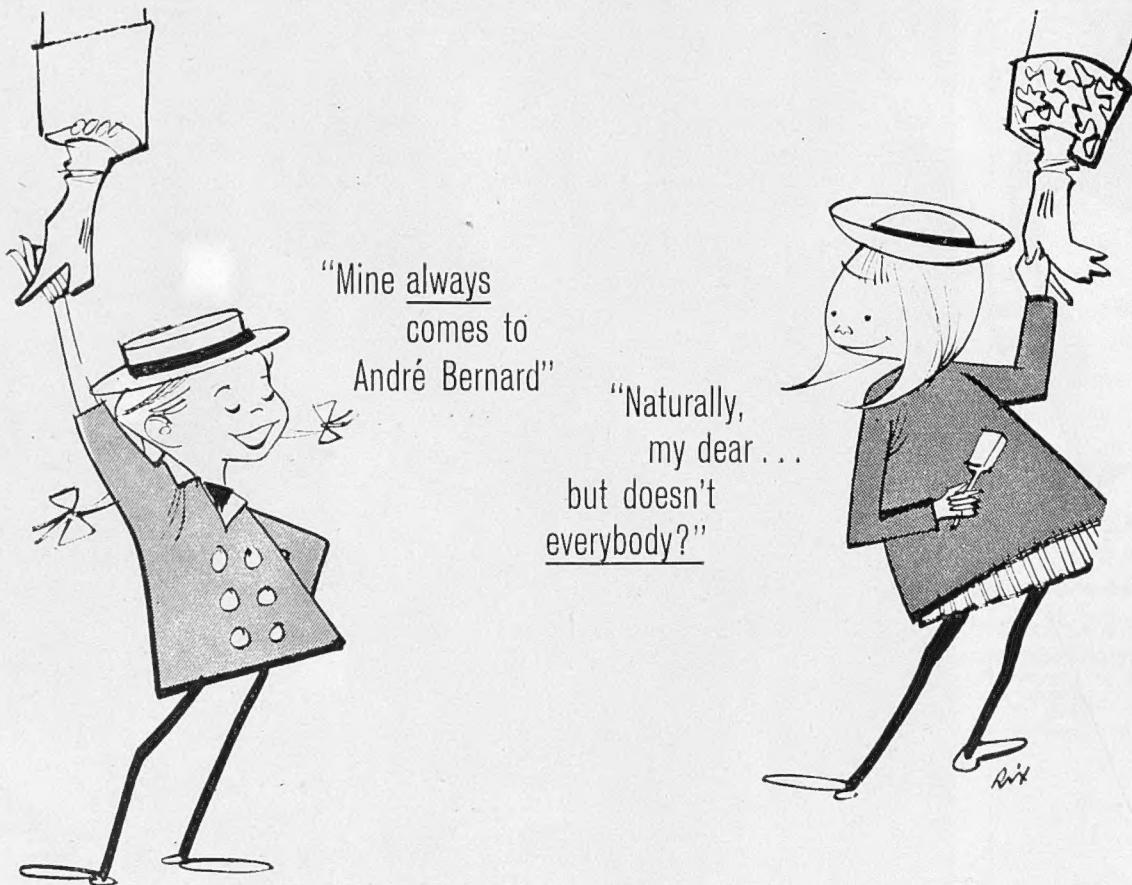
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THE Tatler

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7 FEBRUARY, 1962

Volume 243 Number 3154

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The cover by John Cole sets a question that gets answered in the fashion section (page 319 onwards). Summer wear in the jungle shot includes a shady purple straw hat that costs 18s. at Liberty. There's fashion, too, for Southern Belles, read about it on page 322. Fashions in stage production change all the time. J. Roger Baker talked to one dynamic exponent during rehearsals for Don Giovanni at Covent Garden—see A to Zeffirelli on page 304. Fashionable dogs will foregather at Cruft's on Friday. Romano Cagnoni took the curtain-raising pictures on page 310

ON PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Pineapple Ball, Grosvenor House, tomorrow. (Tickets: £2 2s. inc. dinner, from the Hon. Organizing Secretary, Long Meadow, Prince's Drive, Oxshott. 8.30 a.m.-2 p.m.)

Bal De La Rose, Monte Carlo, 9 February.

Harvard Club of London's annual Harvard-Yale-Princeton dinner, the Dorchester, 13 February. (Details, Mr. John Huntington, F.L.A. 0835. 7-7.30 p.m.)

Ladybird Ball, Savoy, 14 February, in aid of the Pestalozzi Children's Village in Britain. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from the Organizer, 29 Lissenden Mans., Lissenden Gdns., N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend the Canadian Universities Society of Gt. Britain dinner & dance at Quaglino's, 14 February. (Details, Mrs. B. Stretton, 46 Ferry Rd., S.W.3. RIV 6714.)

Point-to-points: West Norfolk Hunt, Lexham; Bullingdon Club, Crowell, Oxon, 10 February. Cambridgeshire Harriers, Cottenham; United Services, Larkhill, 17 February.

Newmarket & Thurlow at Moulton; Oxford University, Wroughton; Sandhurst & Staff College, Tweseldown, 24 February. Hunt Balls: Royal Agricultural College Beagles, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 9 February; Garth,

Skindles Hotel, Maidenhead, 23 February. (Tickets, £2 15s. inc. buffet supper & breakfast, from Mr. G. Snowden, Martin's Heron, Bracknell, Berks.)

George Washington Ball, the Dorchester, 26 February, in aid of the English-Speaking Union Educational Trust. (Tickets, £3 10s., from the Secretary, 37 Charles St., W.1. (MAY 7400.)

WINTER SPORTS

Cresta Ball, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 10 February; **World Championships** (Alpine), Chamonix, 10-18 February; **Parseenn Derby**, Davos Ski Club, 11 February; **International Ski Jumping** for the Montgomery Cup, Gstaad, 11 February; **Basil Mitchell Beginners' Race**, Grindelwald, 15 February; **Gala Carnival**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 17 February; **Piz Nair Gold Trophy & Giant Slalom**, St. Moritz, 18 February; **Atalanta Cup Giant Slalom** for British schoolgirls, Gstaad, 20 February; **Jubilee Celebrations**, "30 Years of Wengen Ski School," Wengen, 24 February; **Diner de l'Elegance**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with fashion show by Jacques Heim, 24 February; **Ski-School Celebrations**, Mürren, 24, 25 February; **International Eagle Derby**, downhill race from Wasserngrat, for Eagle Club guests, 25 February; **Scottish Kandahar**, Glencoe, 11 March; **Grindelwald Derby**, Zermatt, 16-18 March.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Haydock Park, today & tomorrow; Sandown Park, 9, 10; Newcastle, Warwick, 10; Plumpton, 12; Leicester, 12, 13; Newbury, 14, 15; Catterick Bridge, Hurst Park, 16, 17; Chepstow, 17 February.

COURSING

Waterloo Cup, Altear, Lanes, 14-16 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, tonight; *Don Giovanni*, 9, 12, 15 February; *Madama Butterfly*, 14 February. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

BRIGGS by Graham



Australian conductor Charles Mackerras, 36, recently left Britain, where he has been based for 14 years, for an opera tour of his native country, stopping off at Leipzig to give a concert with the Gewandhaus Orchestra. He has conducted most of the leading British orchestras, and in 1961 was guest conductor at the May Festival in Florence. On returning from Australia he will conduct at the Spring Festival in Prague. He is seen here with his wife at their home in north London. They have two daughters, of 11 & 12.

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 8, 10, 16 February, 7.30 p.m., mat. 10 February, 2.15 p.m.; *Le Baiser De La Fée, Scènes De Ballet, The Firebird*, 7.30 p.m., 13 February.

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus in Strauss's *Don Quixote* & Berlioz's *Te Deum*, 8 p.m. tonight; London Symphony Orchestra with Moiseiwitsch (piano), 8 p.m., 8 February; Stefan Askenase (piano), 3 p.m., 11 February; Rosalyn Tureck (piano), 8 p.m., 12 February; L.S.O., cond. Aaron Copland, 8 p.m., 13 February. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Primitives To Picasso, Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. To 7 March.

Modern Spanish Art, Tate Gallery. To 18 February.

City Of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall. To 7 March.

Old Master Drawings, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., 8-23 February.

EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

Furniture Exhibition, Earls Court. To 10 February.

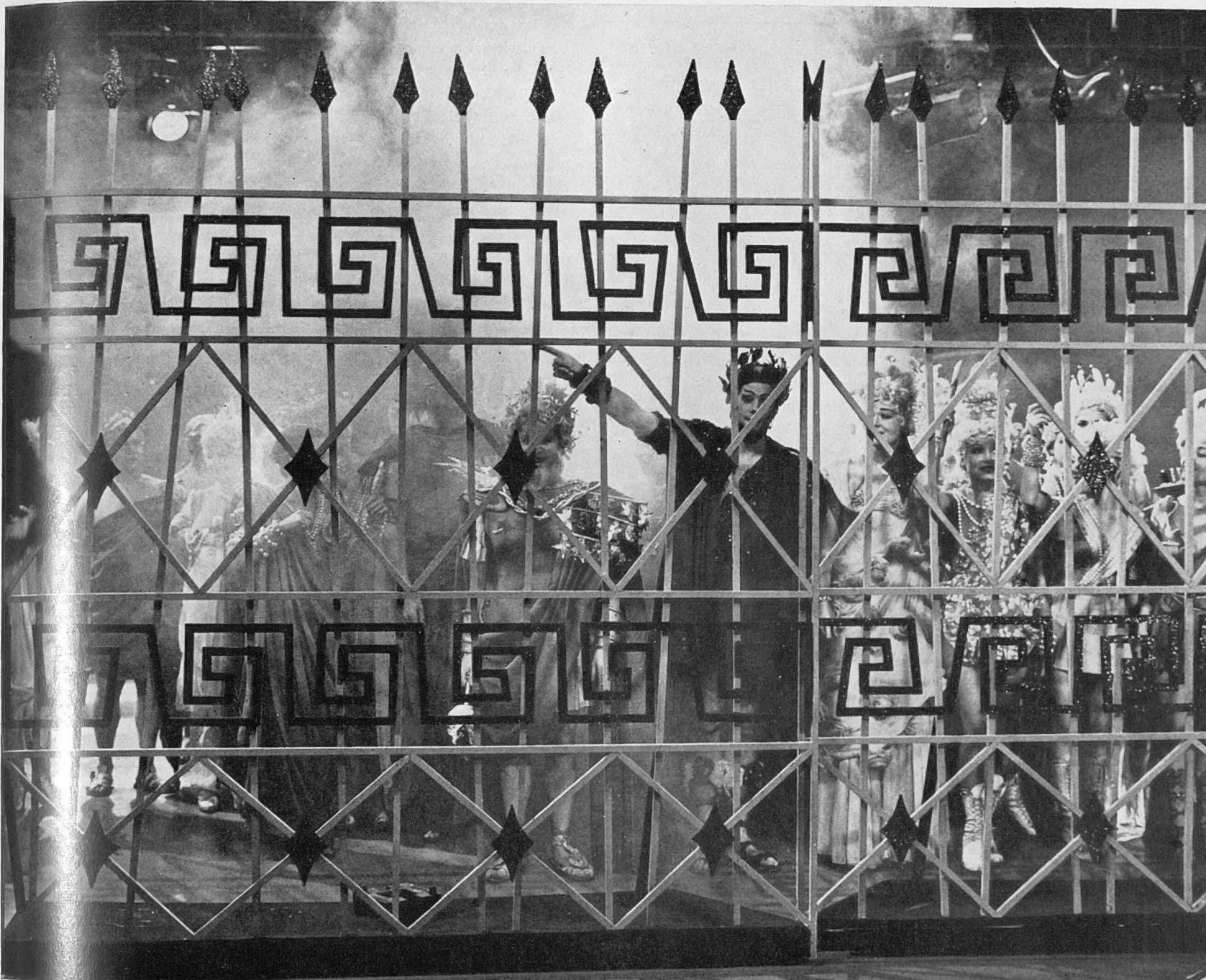
Postage Stamps of Queen Elizabeth 1952-62, British Museum. To end of March.

FIRST NIGHTS

Cambridge Theatre. *Signpost To Murder*, 9 February.

Arts Theatre. *Twists*, 12 February.

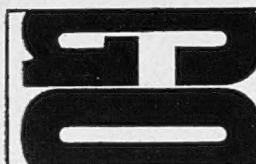
Garrick Theatre. *Not To Worry*, 22 February.



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Orpheus in the Underworld, in Wendy Toye's glittering production, is to be revived for a three-week season by Sadler's Wells Opera Company next month. These scenes are from Granada's successful television adaptation. Above: Pluto (Jon Weaving) takes Jupiter and the inhabitants of Mount Olympus down to hell in the underground, where Eurydice (June Bronhill, right) is having a quiet ball





LATE

Iain Crawford

Twist or bust

THE TWIST IS THREATENING TO ECLIPSE THE BUST AS LONDON'S FAVOURITE form of late-night entertainment. There are still plenty of places where shapely bosoms are on full spangle-fringed view but in the more sophisticated places they are not taking their clothes off but trying to shake them off by gyrations and contortions which must be excellent for the waistline but are a little hard on the seams. Top Twister is Helene Cordet's **Saddle Room** in Park Lane. This has proved so popular that the chic and charming Miss Cordet has closed down the plusher *Maison de France* next door and devoted her energies entirely to a rendezvous for the toughly terpsichorean. The music is canned and way out un-square; there are hot and cold sandwiches and the usual drinks. The first one costs 15s. and after that all drinks are 2s. 6d. *à la française*. Life membership (the club's life not yours) is £1 2s. 6d. and the club is open for dedicated wrigglers from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Down the road in **The Colony** the Twist writhes its way into the cabaret. Sandu Scott, a glamorous bouncing American singer belts out her numbers with enormous verve alternated with large-eyed baby-doll mock coyness and finished her opening night show by dragging Van Johnson from the audience on to the floor. She proved quite the most fetching twister I have seen and Mr. Johnson, with his arm in a sling, proved that mutilation above the waist is no handicap when twisting. If anything he was more energetic than Miss Scott who with her broad inviting smile and provocative undulations makes of the Twist a kind of sophisticated war dance. You can't ignore it.

At the **Whisky a' Gogo** (which in case anyone still doesn't know is cross-Channelese for "Whisky Galore") in Wardour Street the twisting

is less expensive. Dinner at **The Colony** costs a minimum of 45s. a head and wines are comparably priced. In the **Whisky a' Gogo** which is run by the Students United Social Association they claim to have started the Twist craze in this country. Now they have a group of Twist dancers known as the "Whisky Twisters," directed—if anything as frenzied can be said to have direction—by Denis Egan. At the **Whisky a' Gogo** the clientele is largely composed of students and they have a special price for them. Membership is 21s. for six months for men, 10s. 6d. for girls but students get a year's run of the place for these prices. There are no set meals but a barbecue snack bar sells hamburgers, sandwiches and other filling items at reasonable rates while three bars dispense drinks at pub prices. From 8 till 1 p.m. at this first floor twister near the Latin Quarter, the place is kept jumping seven nights a week by tireless young people whose dress for the occasion and the activity is more practical and sensible than what is seen at the more gilded twist palaces. Black tights, jumpers, shorts, jeans even bikinis are not unknown. Leave your bowler hat behind but for mercy's sake bring the embrocation. Perhaps it is just my age.

Cabaret calendar

Talk of the Town (REG 5051)
Joan Regan, plus the Ten O'Clock Follies

Pigalle (REG 6423) Extravaganza, spectacular floorshow with Tony & Eddy leading the laughs

Savoy (TEM 4343) Luciadi Jnr., magician, with his company, and the Savoy Dancers

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) Chester Harriott

Bal Tabarin (GRO 4203) Buddy Greco

Room at the Top (ILF 5588)
Vic Oliver



Sandu Scott is in cabaret at the Colony Restaurant



TO EAT

John Baker White

There's a Taberna in the town

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Casa Pepe, 151 Fulham Road. (KEN 7749.) C.S. Downstairs is the Taberna, with Spanish song and dance: great fun for those with strong ear-drums. Upstairs all is quiet, with a pleasant muted Spanish atmosphere, and first-class Spanish cooking. The *paella* is of high quality, so is the smoked ham. Do not ignore the sweetmeats that come with the coffee. Allow about £1 per head for food. The same management have another restaurant at 52 Dean Street, Soho. (GER 3916.) W.B.

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street, out of Leicester Square. (WHI 8641). C.S. This admirable restaurant and hotel changed ownership recently, but Adrian and his brother remain in charge. One of the specialities is smoked eel, flown over from Holland, and recently I ate a first-class stewed oxtail there. Because of Adrian himself and his long-service staff this is one of the most friendly restaurants I know. Cost? The eel is 6s. 6d., the main course from 10s. 6d. A useful place if you are going to see that superb film *Judgment At Nuremberg*. W.B.

Harrington Hall Hotel, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. (FRE 4477.) In this hotel is the Pine Buffet Bar, a small restaurant of outstanding good taste. It specializes in high quality cold food, and dishes cooked at the table. The main course costs about 12s. 6d. to 15s. It is open for luncheon and dinner, and on Sundays. If you want somewhere to stay

in London, this hotel is charming and luxurious, with its reconstruction nearing completion. Single room with bathroom from 70s. per day, double room with bathroom from 115s.

New comforts in Canterbury

Canterbury has a new hotel, **Slatters** in St. Margaret's Street, built with the comforts that the modern tourist expects. Each of the 32 bedrooms has a private bathroom, and the beds slide into the walls to become daytime seats. There is also a new 100-seat restaurant, the Forum, fully licensed, 12s. 6d. for dinner and 8s. 6d. for lunch, while the old restaurant, in a 16th-century building, remains. Single room with breakfast 42s., double room £4 4s.

Wine note

Percy Fox & Co. Ltd. report that the total crop of 1961 in Burgundy is rather below the average, and 43 per cent less than the very productive vintage of 1960. In quality they say that, without aspiring to reach the heights attained by some of the 1959 wines, the year 1961 will rank among the best vintages—full-bodied wines with pronounced bouquets. Prices are certain to be high.

... and a reminder

Hertford Hotel, Bayswater. (AMB 4461.) Most comfortable to stay in and good eating in the restaurant for under £1 per head.

The Empress, Berkeley Street. (MAY 6126.) Mario's reconstruction is now complete and the result is sumptuous.

Zia Teresa, 6 Hans Road—at the side of Harrods. (KEN 7643.)

Good for spaghetti and when you are in a hurry.

Chez Cleo, Harrington Gardens, Gloucester Road. (FRE 4477.)

Recently celebrated its 10th anniversary and is as popular as ever.

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) Good cooking in unpretentious surroundings; 100 yards from the London Air Terminal.



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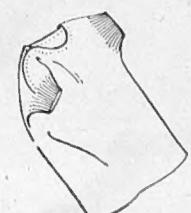
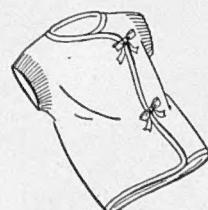
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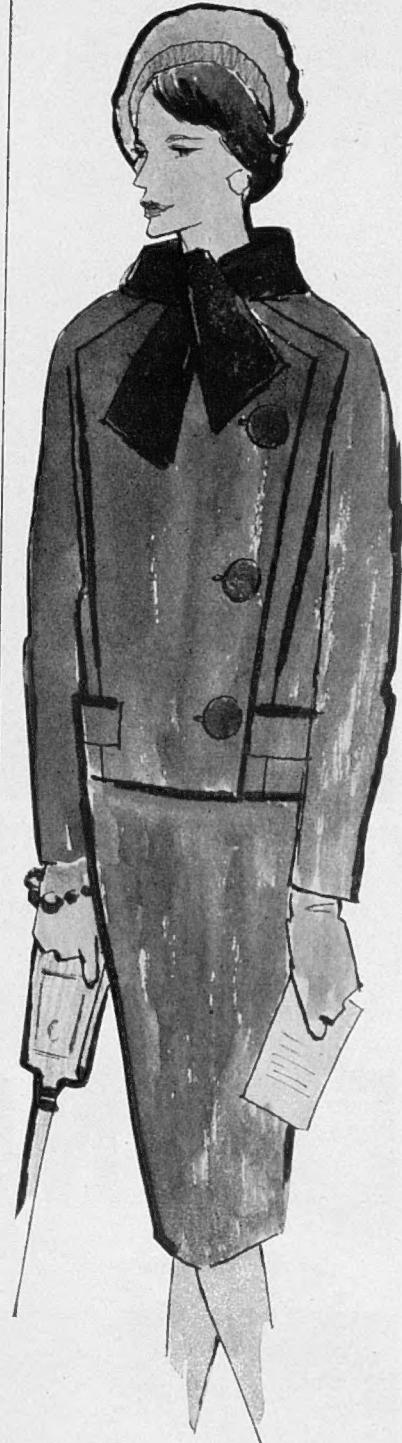
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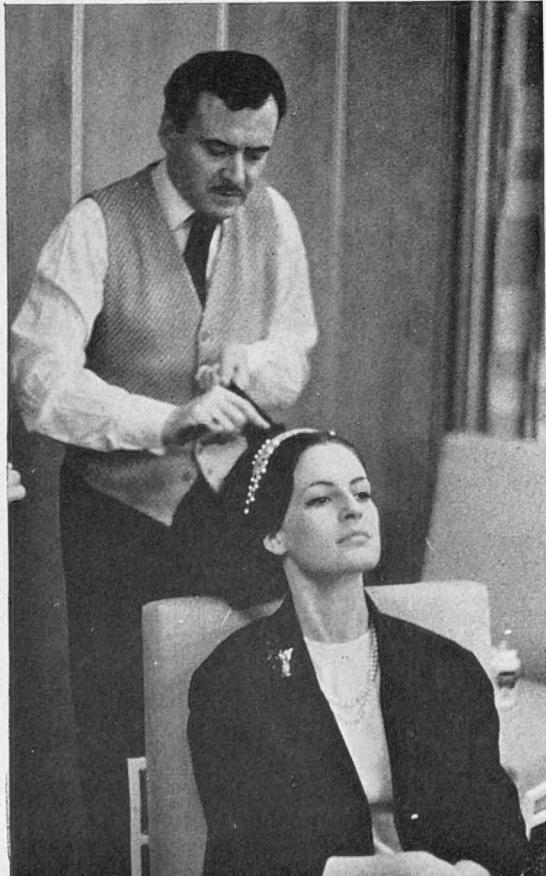
64 NEW BOND STREET



GOING TO A BALL

on board the liner

FRANCE



Above: Princess Paola. Left: Alexandre, the hair stylist, was on board. He is seen here with Mlle. Catherine Millinair. Top: The Twist was easily the most popular dance

The Ball of the Little White Beds, France's most important annual charity event, was held this year on board her newest transatlantic liner, the France, at Le Havre. Guests included Prince Albert of Belgium and his wife Princess Paola, and Audrey Hepburn & Mel Ferrer. Miss Hepburn was the guest of honour—the ball coincided with the French première of her film “Breakfast at Tiffany's”



Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer were at the captain's table. Top: Débutantes sold programmes to guests



ABROAD

Doone Beal

The soft safari

IT WAS EARLY IN THE AFRICAN AFTERNOON. WE WERE DECANTED, A motley gaggle, from a series of Land-Rovers. We stood at the bottom of a quarter-mile track leading through the jungle to Treetops, a safari lodge about 90 miles outside Nairobi. A handsome, unsmiling young man armed with a rifle was already walking down the track.

"Good afternoon. I want absolute silence, please. Forget about your cameras. Keep together, and follow me." Alas, I had literally forgotten my camera, which was still in the Land-Rover. I turned back to fetch it. "Please!" said the young man with some severity. "Will you *not* loiter?" I felt like a schoolgirl who had broken crocodile, and meekly did as I was told.

Treetops is a kind of double-bluff on the obvious. It has become so

famous that some people all but dismiss it as a tame tourist attraction. It is game-watching at its cushiest once one reaches the funny little hut with its series of verandas, built up on poles and tree branches some 60 feet from the ground. But ladders are nailed against every other tree along the track just in case, and I found myself giggling nervously at the tale of the American lady who, in a tightish skirt, had had to go shinning up one of them with all speed in the face of a cow elephant. I began to see the object in the stage-management of our escort, hunter Geoffrey Mason Smith (whose manner, by the way, relaxed into one of great charm once we were safely at the lodge.)

The prospect of sitting on a veranda up in the trees from mid-afternoon until early the following morning had seemed a little formidable. That was, until the first of the baboon pranced round the railing, picked up a fistful of sandwiches and then slung himself away through the branches. After this initial reconnaissance, the whole community arrived. Picking, scratching and screaming at each other, these baboon were by way of being the light comedy overture. The real drama was the first, distant, entry of the elephant. Slowly, deliberately, their ears flapping like slack sails, they processed as *Meistersinger* toward the pool and the trails of salt laid for their benefit below us. They were joined eventually by buffalo (deceptively befuddled and



Treetops—a double-bluff on the obvious

gentle-looking), by quick, peevish, evil-eyed wart-hog, by deer, and finally by rhinoceros, the only serious rival to the elephant, though the latter are wiser and generally win the battle for the salt grounds.

By eight o'clock, after the sun had gone down, the noises below were like the tuning of a gigantic orchestra, and a particularly fierce blast of trumpeting interrupted dinner and brought everyone out on to the verandas to watch two rhinoceros pawing the ground and blowing stertorously at one another while the elephant, more in sorrow than in anger, stood by and watched, and a lone, sick buffalo sipped uncertainly at the water's edge.

This drama goes on all through the night. One dines extremely well and there are comfortable beds, two to a room, to retire to—that is, if you can bear to leave the spectacle (illuminated, by the way) of something like 22 rhinoceros, 30 elephant and countless buffalo working out their night's and nature's destiny. Next morning, one proceeds (with renewed respect for the hunter's instructions) back again to the Land-Rovers, and is transported about five miles to base at the Outspan Hotel; to a hot bath, a change of clothes, and breakfast.

The Outspan, at Nyeri, is a pleasant, traditional hotel with one of the loveliest gardens I have ever seen: its herbaceous borders bloom simultaneously with flowers of every season. The smoked lavender vista of the Aberdare Hills is framed by violet jacaranda, and by the coral-flowered ebullience of Australian gum trees. The climate in spring—up to July—has the glow of a hot September day in England.

On the way out to Nanyuki, spiralling the base of Mount Kenya, the road crosses the equator at around 7,000 feet. It is a particularly lovely drive at the scarlet soil, cactus and palm give way to great, barren sweeps of country, always with that sense of limitless space that is peculiarly African. The object of the journey is the Mount Kenya Safari Club, an enterprise of actor William Holden. It is operated primarily for the benefit of those who like their safari well laced with glamour as well as comfort. An amoeba-shaped swimming pool lies in a context of splendidly rounded lawns, the great bowl of forest dropping below it and the slow, majestic slopes of Mount Kenya rising behind. The bar is upholstered in zebra hide, and bongo drums are used for occasional tables. Masai shields and long-haired Colobus monkey skins are slung on the walls. The bedrooms in the hotel, and those in a series of outlying cottages, are *luxe* to a degree. The place is frankly gorgeous. If you are neither equipped nor inclined toward a shooting safari, you can ride by mule or pony to the near-summit of the mountain from a base nearby and feel that you have known—at least, by any European standards—some taste of high adventure.

Nothing quite compares with the Safari Club, but even within a 100 miles of Nairobi there is a variety of pleasant, English-type hotels: the White Rhino as well as the Outspan, both at Nyeri, and the Brackenhurst, at Limuru, all with adjacent golf courses. At Limuru especially, the hydrangeas and the lawns, the cucumber sandwiches for tea, the conversation and the company, belong to a sublimated Sussex in this—to me—the saddest of all nostalgias. Nearby is part of the *corniche* that borders the gigantic Rift Valley—30 miles the other side of Nairobi, a long, flat, dusty road that leads to the edge of the Masai tribal reserve of clay and wattle huts, and wilderness, where ostrich and zebra punctuate the skyline. Only four miles outside the city is the famous Nairobi National Park, with lion looking gentle enough to stroke. But in the bar of the New Stanley is a jungle of a different kind; the jungle of politics that enmeshes this beautiful, formidable and troubled country.

Kenya cannot be measured in four days, nor in 14: but to people lacking either friends or relations there the package tour is, for once, the best bet. The saving on the air fare (£196 4s. Economy return) is considerable, in a tour of 14 days which costs only £200. It includes return flights by B.O.A.C., accommodation in Nairobi at the comfortable New Stanley Hotel, a visit to Treetops, a stay at the Outspan, a tour of part of the Rift Valley and many other interesting excursions, all by car. Lunn's of Marble Arch are one of the chief agents in the U.K.



Photographs: Geoff Mason Smith

Inside Treetops—one dines well, and can watch elephant and baboon in comfort



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A MAYORAL RECEPTION

The Mayor & Mayoress of Westminster, Councillor & Mrs. J. L. C.

Dribbell, wait to greet guests at a reception they held at the Savoy. Further pictures, by Van Hallan, overleaf

A MAYORAL RECEPTION *continued*

Mr. & Mrs. Enoch Powell. He is the Minister of Health



Mrs. Leslie Farmiloe, wife of one of the Councillors of Westminster



The Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo with Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador



MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

THE SEASON AS WE'VE KNOWN IT ISN'T WITH US any more. Slowly, subtly and silently something has been happening. Instead of clicking smartly into action as the giant doors of the Royal Academy swing open to welcome visitors to the Summer Exhibition, the Season will by then be in full gallop. Instead of all that is best in entertaining being concentrated in London, the Season now moves to Sussex, Yorkshire, Devon and Perthshire, and often outshines London in the process. Instead of fading with Goodwood and dying with Cowes it pushes on with roistering exuberance into autumn, through winter, and hits spring again before giving those who are with it all the way time for a breather. The lucky ones sometimes say a trifle complainingly that "it never lets up." But apart from that nobody has taken very much serious notice. Because, in the best British tradition, the Season hasn't so much changed as evolved.

Significantly there is an exodus from London. One family, at present thinking about having their dance in a London hotel rather than turn loose an interior decorator from the other side of the ocean in their place in Hampshire, is the exception to today's trend in entertaining. This move away from London (which can provide everything) to the country often involves doing an awful lot of it yourself. For those in the social swim—and their numbers go up all the time—it

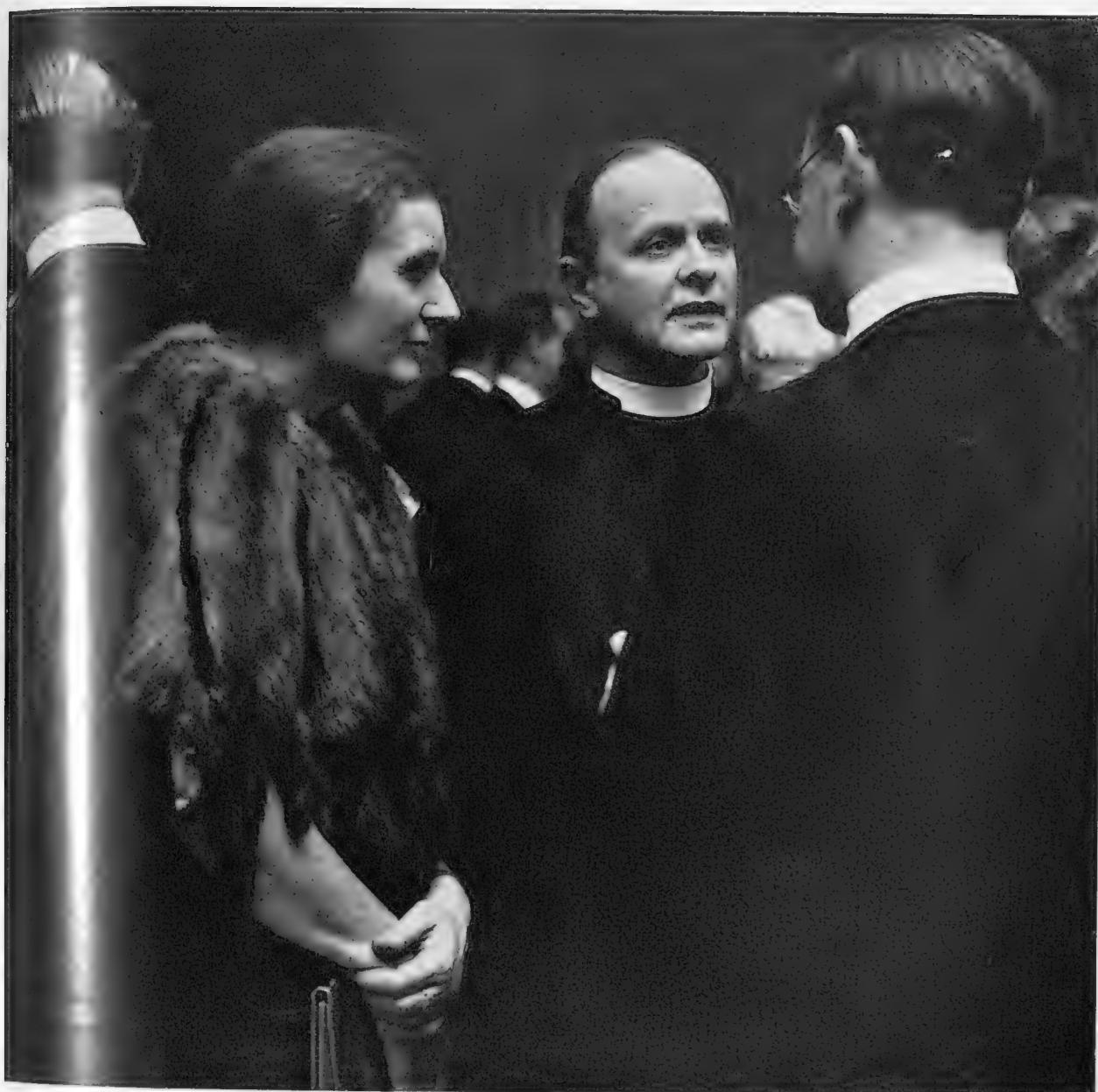
is back to the land—at weekends. The superbly successful *private* party which gives English entertaining its world-wide cachet is now, nearly always, in the country. Whether it is a weekend house party, a shoot-cum-private-dance, a mixture of sailing and dancing, or a hunt and hunt ball, the best party is in the country. Country houses, so avoided because of their lack of comforts after the war, have come into their own as never before. Now (helped largely by the surge of sports car transportation) they're the perfect drawing cards for the pretty girls and the good talkers, the good sports and the up-&-coming young men with their City and political news and gossip.

It is all a far cry from the old magazines of the 1930s. There were not so many big dances then as now. They were not so grand either, nor were there so many hostesses to set so high a standard. In the 40s social life was barely on the move again, and in the 50s entertaining was difficult. Nearly all the private dances in 1951 were held in London hotels, and no wonder. That was the year that the meat ration went down from 10d. to 8d., and the cheese ration shrank to 2 oz. In 1957 the pattern began to change. That year there were 38 private dances in the country. That was the year, too, that debs' mums started to hold large cocktail parties for their daughters, and 14 of these were listed in *The Times*. Gradually the change began to take place; more and more country dances and more cocktail parties for girls coming

out. As I write, 85 dances are scheduled for country houses this year, as against 10 in London hotels. In addition there are about 30 dances arranged in the halls of the City livery companies, in clubs and in various ballrooms. No less surprising, if one hasn't noticed the general trend over the last few years, is the increase in the number of large cocktail parties. More than 50 have so far been planned, with Thursday, 26 April, the vintage day, when five girls will have cocktail parties given for them.

All the changes in the Season consistently mirror our way of life; an affluent society and a society which works all week and therefore increasingly crams its play into weekends. A couple of years ago big sailing events got pushed more and more on to the weekend. It is the same with racing. The best hunt meets are nearly always on a Saturday. Shoots are increasingly held on Saturdays. Friday has always been the best day for country dances, often making the focal point of a series of weekend house parties. Young men, many of them down from all-male flats with scrappy fare, welcome the square meals and the fresh air. Also—and this hasn't escaped the more alert hostesses—the more solid and successful young men from industry and the professions are more likely to accept an invitation to a Friday night dance than to one during the week, because they feel late nights would interfere with their work. At a coming-out ball at the Middle Temple a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 302



Lady Anne Brewis with her husband the Rev. J. S. Brewis, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly



The Begum Yousuf, wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, with M. A. G. Soteriades, High Commissioner for Cyprus



The Lord Mayor of London, and (behind) Mrs. J. L. C. Dribbell, Lady & Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty



Brig P. J. E. Clapham, the City's Common Cryer and Serjeant-at-Arms, with Coun. H. C. Shearman, L.C.C. chairman

THE FERNIE HUNT BALL



Lady Barnett of "What's My Line?" fame, & Col. D. W. Pritchard



Col. P. H. Lloyd, a joint-Master of the Hunt, & Mrs. Richard Bishop



Lady Edward FitzRoy dances with the host, Mr. Edmund Brudenell



Mr. & Mrs. John Oxley

Photographs: Van Hallan



Mr. & Mrs. Michael Hignett



Countess Alphonse Kinsky & Lord Edward FitzRoy

RETRIEVING at BLENHEIM



A pause while the spaniels retrieve

Photographs. A. V. Swaabe

The Kennel Club's 33rd Championship Field Trials for Spaniels was held in Blenheim Park. All the dogs were English Springer spaniels and the championship winner was Markdown Muffin, owned by Mr. F. Thomas

Mr. & Mrs. R. B. Weston-Webb with Meadowcourt Judy



Mr. E. Holland Buckley, Kennel Club secretary, & his wife



Mr. Talbot Radcliffe's entry, Halebrook Saighton's Shingle, awaits instructions



The Marquess of Blandford with Major Hugh Peacock, one of the judges

BRITISH INVASION

Noel Meakin, Mr. W. Meakin, and Mark La Trobe on the Gotschnagrat



Mr. Rupert Blum and Mr. R. Dilnott Cooper, of Marden's, the British ski-racing club



Mrs. R. C. Mackworth-Young and her son Charles



MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

year ago a Cabinet Minister after surveying the young men said to me: "I certainly would not mind my daughters meeting this lot. They are very impressive—very different from what I've been led to believe." They were the Friday night lot.

With so many dances, the pressure on weekends has never been worse. Hostesses, desperate on discovering that their dates clashed with others and only able to get their family all together for a dance at weekends, are increasingly turning to *Saturday* night dances. As a result more than a score of big dances will take place this summer and autumn on Saturdays. Even so there is an awful lot of clashing, and this is sure to be a big disappointment to the tireless ones. It is also a disappointment to top band leaders. As one of them said to me: "All this pushing dances into the weekends means the loss of several thousand pounds to individual bands in the course of a season." On 27/28 July there are six dances including the one to take place at Birch Grove, the country home of the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan. It is being given by their daughter, Mrs. Julian Faber, for her daughter, Anne. There are eight the previous weekend, and six the weekend of

29/30 June (there were seven until **Lady Forester** moved her dance to the weekend of 6/7 October, when there are only two other private dances.) Surprisingly, though, Ascot Week, usually the most crowded of all, has comparatively few dances this year. Hostesses try to avoid dates which clash but it is becoming nearly impossible. **The Marchioness of Northampton** arranged the date of the dance which she is giving for her stepdaughter, **Lady Eliza Compton**, in Northamptonshire, more than a year in advance. But such is the crowded calendar that **Mrs. W. W. Hicks-Beach** will be having a dance in Gloucestershire for her daughter, **Rosemary**, the same day, and **Lady Trefgarne** a 21st birthday ball for her son, **Lord Trefgarne**, in Surrey, also on the same day.

There has been a great deal of lending of country houses this year. Mr. & Mrs. **Geoffrey Kitchen** (he's chairman of Pearl Assurance) are lending their Sussex place to **Mrs. Iain Macleod** and **Mrs. Nigel Fisher** for the coming out of their daughters, **Miss Diana Macleod** and **Miss Mary Rose Ford**. **Lady Pelly** is turning over Preshaw, near Southampton, to **Mrs. Edward Clive** and **Lady Curtis** for the dance they are giving for **Miss Louise Clive** and **Miss Rosemary Curtis**. Later on, in the autumn, **Countess Cairns** (wife of the new Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps) and **Mrs. George Fitzgerald** will share **Lady Blanche**

Cobbold's place near Woodbridge for a private dance.

Our list of the Season's private dances and parties will appear next week with photographs of some of the girls coming out. It will be a departure from the usual *débutante* list. Increasingly, since they're taken to the country, coming-out dances have a high proportion of guests of the older generation, the parents' friends. As a result many of them are no longer just "*débutante* dances." Also this year we are including dances for young men who are 21. Now that they're not being claimed for National Service their parties are being planned with as much thought and trouble as their sisters' dances.

In our issue of 17 January it was stated that **Countess Haig** was sailing for a holiday in the West Indies. This was incorrect, and we regret any inconvenience caused to the Countess by it.

Ski races and ice-rinks for families and teenagers make Klosters one of the most popular centres for British family parties

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



The skating rink at Klosters



Mr. & Mrs. Peter Viertel (actress Deborah Kerr)

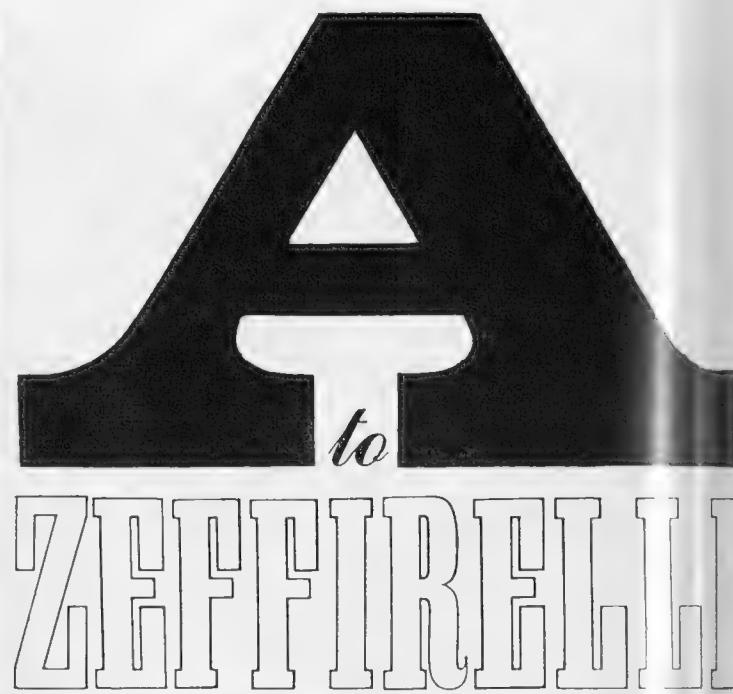


Diana and Susan MacInnes



Mrs. John Miller-Stirling and her son Jamie

On Friday, a new production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* opens at Covent Garden with a starry cast. Georg Solti is to conduct, the producer is Franco Zeffirelli whose previous work in England has included *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Joan Sutherland, *Romeo & Juliet* at the Old Vic, and *Othello* with Sir John Gielgud at Stratford



Zeffirelli demonstrates (left) how he wants a member of the chorus to sprawl in the ballroom scene, and (right) how Don Giovanni (Cesare Siepi) should repulse the importunate Donna Anna in the opening episode of the opera

Report: J. Roger Baker. Photographs: David Sim





Zeffirelli is always in close liaison with the conductor. In the above sequence he and Georg Solti, Covent Garden's musical director, plan the opening scene of the opera.

THE THERE IS A POPULAR THOUGHT that opera singers habitually wear winged helmets, or at least gold lamé. At the first rehearsal for *Don Giovanni*, the cast—eight soloists whose names mean House Full signs and hysterics in the gallery—looked like nothing so much as a group of teachers gathered for a conference on comprehensive schools. They sat in a row before the footlights facing the stage, attention focused on one man, the director, Franco Zeffirelli.

It was 10.30 a.m. In the background a group of scene shifters decided to remove the back drop (Oliver Messel's design for *The Sleeping Beauty*); somewhere a vacuum cleaner moaned in un-Mozartian tones; carpenters and electricians squatted in the wings, listening as Zeffirelli explained with quick gestures and unexpected passages of mime, his conception of *Don Giovanni*.

His design for the opening scene was passed round, a sombre arrangement of pillars and heavy gates. The singers looked from it to the stage which had been built into a sloping ramp for this production, shallow but still tricky for high heels and active baritones ("No one will be able to call this a flat performance," commented Cesare Siepi after a slight skid).

Carefully Zeffirelli explained the exact effect he wanted for the opening of the opera. Geraint Evans and the conductor Georg Solti listened. "It is dark, there is gloom, *terror*—and as you turn the light picks out your face." Evans nodded; in the wings, rehearsal pianist John Constable began the opening *molto allegro* and the rehearsal was under way. That *molto allegro* was to be hammered out a number of times before singer and producer were equally happy about the staging.

Franco Zeffirelli is in his early thirties, a Florentine who began his career as a radio actor. He has appeared on the stage and his first major stage designs were

Zeffirelli: his vitality embraces all aspects of the theatre

for a Visconti production of *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He worked as assistant director on a series of Italian films (including *Bellissima* with Anna Magnani) and made his initial impact in opera at La Scala, Milan, in 1952. This background of the theatre in all its aspects makes him unique among today's opera producers. His productions invariably attempt to be faithful to the composer's intentions and also to the period in which the work was written. His ability to make the most far-fetched operatic conventions dramatically valid was seen in his handling of the mad scene in *Lucia*; the success of his realistic approach, in which every detail of the visual aspect of a production is essential to the ultimate effect, was demonstrated in his *Romeo & Juliet* at the Old Vic.

Slightly built and with immense charm, Zeffirelli on stage never seems to stop moving or talking and often appears to be talking Italian and English at the same time. His enthusiasm bubbles over into active participation. He showed the Donna Anna (Gré Brouwenstijn, who later had to withdraw from the cast and has been replaced by Leyla Gencer) how to make her first entry, clinging on to Don Giovanni and in *négligée* ("miles of silk and lace"). He immediately assumed the urgent sexuality of the role and though Miss Brouwenstijn was singing as she watched, he too sang her line. With a firm hand on the tempo Georg Solti joined in and for a vivid half-minute that particular moment in the opera crystallized.

Don Giovanni is a soloists' opera, but the Act One finale requires chorus, ballet and extras. Tackling this episode, Zeffirelli gives a pretty good demonstration of how to do several things at once, while ensuring that everything fits into the pattern required.

First he gathered the chorus

round. To him an opera chorus is composed of individuals with independent reactions. "It is a magnificent set," he told them proudly, "with pillars, gold and glitter, piles of food and at the front of the stage a still life of fruit, wine and birds. It has a quality of decaying splendour. Baroque." Two members of the chorus were placed among the still life: "The men are unbuttoned, you make love—nothing vicious," he explained. Then, "Who can dance?" since he requires singers to join in the dancing. A soprano and a tenor quietly did the Twist in a corner. Choreographer Harold Turner had already arranged the ballet, but the soloists have to dance the famous minuet as well. While Sena Jurinac and Cesare Siepi practised their dance, making sure they were facing the audience when a line had to be sung, Zeffirelli turned his attention to a group of small boys. They are extras, servants. "Do not stay put," they were told, "but walk among the people and serve wine." Then a complicated bit of dramatic business involving four main characters had to be fitted in. Soon the whole stage was a mass of singers and dancers, a seemingly incoherent jumble of faces and feet. But Zeffirelli nodded, the pattern was emerging.

His concern for the drama and the details of action does not mean that Zeffirelli minimizes the musical side. In fact, every move, action, gesture complements or reflects the music. "Only one or two tricks in each aria," he told the singers, and if an idea occurs that might harm the music (he wanted Donna Anna to scream at one point), the conductor is consulted.

In private life Franco Zeffirelli drives fast cars and collects antiques. At work this love of high-speed action and reverence for beauty combine to produce operatic performances that are usually collectors' items.

controls divergent parts, moulds them into a final pattern



A rare moment of repose in the paint shop. Left: With soprano Sena Jurinac who plays Donna Elvira. Below: The first rehearsal. Seated, from the right, Georg Solti, Richard Lewis, Sena Jurinac, Gré Brouwenstijn, Robert Savoie, Jeanette Sinclair, Cesare Siepi, David Ward



BY RONALD BLYTHE: DRAWINGS BY HARO

A GOOD ADDRESS

A GOOD ADDRESS CANNOT BE CREATED, WHIPPED up or what you will—as many an ambitious house agent has discovered to his chagrin. It simply *is*, like the lilies of the field or like Topsy. A good address can have a peeling wall and vintage draughts and not lose face. But not all the combined blandishments of amusing Mr. E. H. Brooks (whom no one has yet dared to imitate) and the Design Centre can turn a bad address into anything more than a comfortable home. Proof of this can be traced to the increasing number of people who prefer an adaptable stable in W.1, to a good solid snip of Pooterdom in S.W.9.

I knew a man who had an aunt who was one of the last links with amateur charity. A saint, as they said. She had been called from a rectory in the shires to Poplar “to help” as she so modestly put it. When she died she left her nephew the sweetest little house and the worst address in the world. If that house could have been put on rollers and wheeled to Westminster it would have fetched its weight in industrial diamonds. It couldn’t have been nicer and we all urged the nephew to go and live in it, though he worked in advertising and had to be careful which number bus he was seen pursuing. To brace him I told him that John Betjeman lived in Cloth Fair and that Sir Basil Spence lived in Canonbury and that, who knows, Poplar might be next. His girl friend said it was like being abroad and his mother said, “Darling, it’s a *fun* house!” But he wouldn’t be persuaded and he wasn’t happy until a smart agent part-exchanged his legacy for a whitewashed coach-house behind Eaton Square.

I would like to think that our desire for a good address has its spiritual side, that being on the right side of the Park might have some-

thing to do with trying to return to that imperial palace whence we came. After all, the best address man ever had was Eden and the meanest bungalow labelled Chez-nous shows a hankering after Paradise. And that is a sobering reflection, only don’t let it put you off your driving.

But back to hard facts and the West End. When I asked all the agents to define the best address in London they all answered “Mayfair” like a shot. Or like Michael Arlen. It sounded extraordinarily old-fashioned, like streamlining and Whispering Jack Smith. I reminded them that not a single private house remained in Berkeley Square, that Park Lane would soon be so wide that one would need a telescope to see the trees and that Curzon Street sounded a decidedly florid note. For a century Mayfair and Belgravia have been running a very smart race and I think it is only fair to admit that Belgravia is in the lead by several lengths. It is unquestionably London’s best address. Belgrave Square itself, Basevi’s masterpiece, maintains its beauty and its poise, and Lady Bracknell might still discover a few folk fit to call on, even on the unfashionable side. The goodness of the address persists into Sloane-donia, but the splendour of the architecture does not. Classicism breaks down under the writhings of what Osbert Lancaster has described as “Pont Street Dutch,” a style so intimidating that it serves a useful purpose these days for putting people in the correct frame of mind for the Royal Court Theatre.

The Sloanes—Avenue, Court, Gardens, Square and Street—are more respectable and desirable than *good*. They will never have the quiet distinction of Cheyne Walk—Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Conesford, Sir Gavin de Beer

and the Earl of Strafford—but they do have that settled essential something which soothes the social breast.

Hampstead, like the curate’s egg, is good in parts. The good parts are expensively apparent and are locked away in rich gardens. New skyscraper flats here are going to cost £25 a week and those who can go it at this level are guaranteed exclusive views of the Shadow Cabinet exercising itself on the Heath. Highgate, too, and even fragments of Muswell Hill are O.K., and South Kensington retains that inviolable residential integrity it gained when it provided sanctuary for those whose income was sadly disproportionate to their status. When the apes leave Gib . . . when the ravens leave the Tower . . . when the aunts leave South Ken . . . But why worry about Nemesis, or rather the Bomb, as she is called now?

Some parts of London went down almost before they were built up, so to speak. Maida Vale is a case in point. William Plomer has praised it, and rightly, for it is a singularly airy and attractive place with a huge Victorian church full of Titians and Crivellis, opulent pubs and a smarty offspring which calls itself Little Venice, where Sir Osbert Sitwell declares he saw “Beware of the Doge” written on a gate. But Maida Vale is mistressy and the fact cannot be avoided. It is haunted by clandestine carriages and the comfortable laughter of kept women. It all happened long before anyone was born but the piquancy remains, and no good address can afford to be piquant. The tart flavour—and here I must use language very exactly—spread to adjoining St. John’s Wood, one hopes unjustifiably but one suspects otherwise. Somebody, when asked where George Eliot was living after she had taken up





with Mrs. Lewes and being told St. John's Wood, said "Where else could she live?" So pretty St. John's Wood, subtly reminiscent of a Parisian suburb, remains more out than in. It possesses the *louche* elegance of a Ouida novel and some of the best charming villas in London.

Then of course there are addresses which are both impeccable and outside fashion, and I don't mean Dean's Yard. Albany, for instance. It is the metropolitan lions' den, nothing more nor less. Current neighbours include Sir Kenneth Clark, Dame Edith Evans, Mr. Graham Greene, Viscountess Lee of Fareham, Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones. Albany is the only place in London which has the formidable exclusiveness of the Faubourg St. Honoré, only in very different terms of course. It is a pity that sets of chambers based on the Albany model have no place in our glittering new London. Less than a house and incomparably more than a flat, such groupings of rooms would re-introduce comfort, as opposed to mere convenience, to life in town. Bloomsbury, a dreadfully neglected part of London, would be just the place for this experiment, though it already contains flats which are almost "chambers" in lovely quiet backwaters like Great James Street and in Bedford Square itself, one of the most perfect and still unspoiled squares in London. But Bloomsbury is not a good address, it is merely a district where a person of imagination and taste might live with increasing pleasure.

What of the suburbs? Dare one mention them? London is now heavily swathed at its periphery with the telly-antennae, Minimored, cherry-smothered bijou palaces of what has come to be called the middle-income group, rather than the middle-class. The Green Belt holds them, checking any eruption

into the country proper. Green Line buses do all they can to suggest rusticity. With Hyde Park Corner 30 minutes away in one direction and ploughed fields half-an-hour away in the other, it is little wonder that the inhabitants of high suburbia suffer from the same residential schizophrenia as those people one reads about whose drawing-room is in Denbigh and whose kitchen is in Flint, and who are obliged to split the rates. Are they in the country or are they merely out of town? And could there be a few acres of this immaculate estate-scape which were more desirable than all the rest?

I inquired at Peter Jones, Wimbledon, they said in a flash. Wimbledon was very O.K. indeed. When they added Wiltshire to this as the address in the country I realized that property agents as a race are still being summoned by bells which ceased ringing for most of us at least a generation ago. Mayfair, Wimbledon and Wiltshire represent to them a tripartite yardstick of habitable *chic*. It was all rather cosy, like being back in the 'thirties with Lady Diana and Berry & Co.

Nearly all country addresses are "good," though some are more good than others. People who live in the real country, that is in Lincolnshire or Norfolk, believe that London begins at Chelmsford, and most very good country addresses can be assessed by their varying degrees of incommutability. East Anglia at its worst is only three hours from London but its gateway is Liverpool Street Station, a place of Doré-like horror which has kept all but the very brave and the quite insensitive out of the region for a century. Suffolk is known as the poor man's Wiltshire, though nobody knows why—unless it is because the rich are really ragged there. The Stour Valley has become very smart indeed lately

and a bitter battle has raged between the residents—Mr. Randolph Churchill, Lady Munnings, Mr. Paul Jennings etc.—and Mr. Marples late of the Post Office. They live in East Bergholt, Suffolk, they insist, but the G.P.O. says they must put East Bergholt, near Colchester, Essex, on their writing paper. They are still furious about it. There used to be indomitable old ladies in very bad addresses in London who carried their letters miles in order to post them where they would get an acceptable frank.

These follies are not peculiar to England. The Scots haven't the accent-obsession of their neighbours and their manners are fine and classless. But the demarcatory line which separates the Lowlands from the Highlands is still as rigid and inexorable as the salt at a Plantagenet feast. The West Coast and the Isles are superlative addresses and Inverness is one of the most faultless words ever to have appeared on an envelope, but for the non-Highlander they can only have the courtesy value of a grace-&-favour concession.

But one could go on for ever. What did Emerson say?

What boots it, thy virtue,
What profit thy parts
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts,
The only credential,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlour,
Address, man, address!

And if he was really thinking of what we now term "the technique of the interview," well, so what? Both meanings of the word are concerned with the decorative façade of life and we shouldn't break our hearts over them.

ONE MAN AND HIS DOGS

On the eve of Cruft's annual dog show—it opens next Friday—Alex Low presents a profile of the Earl of Northesk, the third postwar chairman of Cruft's since it was taken over by the Kennel Club



THE EARL OF NORTHESK HAS been Cruft's jolly and indefatigable chairman since 1959. It's a job he enjoys. All smiles, in spite of the ferocious symphony of barks and smells, he seems to be the life and soul of the party. Yet the first thing he will tell anyone whom he suspects of being impressed by him, is that his part should not be overrated, that Cruft's is not his show, that it is an honour to be the chairman, but that everyone else

no inherited interest. His father, who only kept retrievers as shooting dogs, never allowed them inside the house. Lord Northesk concedes that as far as dogs are concerned he has become quite knowledgeable. Judging them since 1930, he has travelled as a judge to many countries. Of the 108 breeds registered by the Kennel Club, he has judged 92 (the registered breeds actually add up to 135, but 27 are rare and never turn



connected with it works harder.

At home on his farm near Bracknell Lord Northesk, wonderfully relaxed, a living proof of the happier and healthier life in the country, wants to have it understood that not he but Lady Northesk is the farmer. In the small farmhouse, built about 1600, six dogs occupy the best and warmest part of the living-room, leaving their owners just enough room to sit in. Lord Northesk's kennel, between the wars, had about 40 dachshunds. He remembers that he was already a lover of all animals when he was given, at the age of eight years, his first dog, a cross-bred spaniel. It certainly was

up in sufficient numbers for competition). He agrees that he has "an eye for animals," but quickly adds: "Others have, too." Of all his masterly understatements, this is the one easiest to qualify: Most judges are restricted to a single breed; those with a thorough knowledge of four or five breeds are considered to be very good; "all-rounders" may be competent for 20 to 30 breeds. Only one or two judges can be trusted with more.

Should one pursue the matter, it might turn out, much to Lord Northesk's embarrassment, that, with his wide range of knowledge and experience, he is the champion judge of them all.



Dogs are a recurrent motif in Lord Northesk's home, china ones (above) and a family of six dachshunds (five of them in the top picture). Centre: Miss Phyllis Mills has house-trained the pony. On the right, Lady Northesk. The labrador on the sofa is Lord Northesk's preferred hunting dog.



Lord Northesk at Cruft's. He agrees it is an honour to be chairman, but insists that other officials of the Kennel Club do more work on the show

Right: Trophies awarded to a real top dog. They were won by Riverina Tweedsbairn, last year's overall champion at Cruft's, said to be unbeatable



Alan Vines

Below: *The biggest dogs' library in the world—40 tons of filing cards in the Registration Department of the Kennel Club containing a million individual cards of this country's well-bred dogs*

Bottom: *The Cruft's Room at the Kennel Club. Lord Northesk and Mr. E. Holland Buckley, the Club's secretary, derive unending pleasure from the collection of show cartoons on the walls*



Kennel Club luncheon for the press to introduce Cruft's show. Below: Lord Northesk with Mrs. Sonia Lampson

Bottom: At the press lunch, Lord Northesk talks to Mrs. H. H. C. Ingram. Second from left at top table is Col. Sir Richard Glyn, Bt.



Miss Willison grooms bearded collies after their morning walk. They are from the kennel of her mother, Mrs. G. O. Willison, who has reason to

believe she saved the breed from extinction. When she visited Cruft's 10 years ago, she found hardly any on show, decided to start breeding



PROFESSOR OF FASHION

A profile by Lord Kilbracken

THE QUESTION THAT MOST INTRIGUED ME AS I read *Fashion as a Career*, which has just been published by the Museum Press at 15s., was how its author, Mrs. Janey Ironside, could have acquired such a protean knowledge of all the careers in the rag trade. There have been books, after all, about dressmaking by dressmakers, about designing by designers, about the *haute couture* houses by *haute couturiers*; there have been autobiographies of model-girls (ghosted by their boy friends), of fashion journalists, of *vendeuses*—even, I daresay, of *midinettes*. But Janey Ironside seemed to me, as I read successive chapters, to have been just about everything to just about everyone, and to have personal, intimate knowledge of each career she wrote about.

I asked her to account for this magnificent versatility when I called on her recently at her cosy third-floor flat in Cromwell Place, just across the road from South Kensington Station. She smiled when I put the question. She has an attractive smile, very confident, and an attractive, rather round face, and short dark hair. She was wearing what she carefully told me was a cardigan suit—she didn't like the phrase "two-piece," she said—of dark brown cashmere trimmed with black, with mother-of-pearl buttons. That's it in the pictures. She works at the Royal College of Art in Kensington, where she is Professor of the School of Fashion Design, and she has a perfectly lovely daughter named Virginia, who was 18 this week and studies at the Chelsea Polytechnic. Janey Ironside's husband was Christopher, the painter, and his portrait of her in oils is prominent in the room.

"I haven't been quite everything," she said with pleasing modesty. "For instance, I wasn't a model-girl—oh, how nice of you to say so. And I've never been a fashion journalist, for example. But my whole professional life, except during the war, has been in one branch or other of the fashion tree. I began by working for a sweat-shop wholesaler, for about a pound a week. That was in '39."

But for the evidence of Virginia, who was stretching her black-stockinged legs on the carpet in front of the fire, I would have guessed that Janey Ironside, in 1939, was approaching her tenth birthday. I asked her what she did in her sweat-shop. "A little designing," she

said. "But it was mainly running errands and making tea and holding pins. A perfect grounding, don't you agree, for the world of *haute couture*? The war came six months later, so I first got married and then went to work in a factory. What did I make in the factory? I made Lockheed hydraulic brakes."

Hydraulic brakes and other such matters of National Importance occupied Mrs. Ironside till Virginia came along in 1944, and Virginia was a full-time job till 1948. She then went back to fashion, this time as assistant professor at her present school. In search of more practical experience, however, she left the Royal College two years later, and set herself up in business as a designer/dressmaker, working at home, where she employed a small staff and turned out her own exclusive models for her own exclusive clients. (She had no retail shop.) After less than half a decade, she found she was employing no fewer than 23 work-girls, and "things were getting out of hand," as she put

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMANO CAGNONI



it to me. She felt she'd had enough of factories with Lockheed's. So she forthwith gave it up and returned to the Royal College, this time as professor. That was in 1955 and she's been there ever since.

Much of the varied knowledge, which she imparts to us in her book, springs from these last six years. Fashion is one of the dozen different schools at the college; it usually has some 36 students, of whom perhaps two-thirds are girls. They range in age from 17 to 25 and it's a strenuous, three-year course; there are so many applicants that the school can afford to be choosy, and only those who show real promise and aptitude are able to get in. They are lucky; though design, obviously, is the most important subject, the School of Fashion wisely aims at giving its pupils a knowledge and understanding of all related matters, from such sidelines as shoes and accessories to the omnipotence of buyers, the tricks of publicists, the temperaments of model-girls. Of all these, need it be said, Janey Ironside, as professor, must know more than anyone else—she arranges lectures by fashion journalists, by milliners, by P.R.s, by wholesale tradesmen—and this, coupled with her own practical experience, has enabled her to write a most comprehensive book.

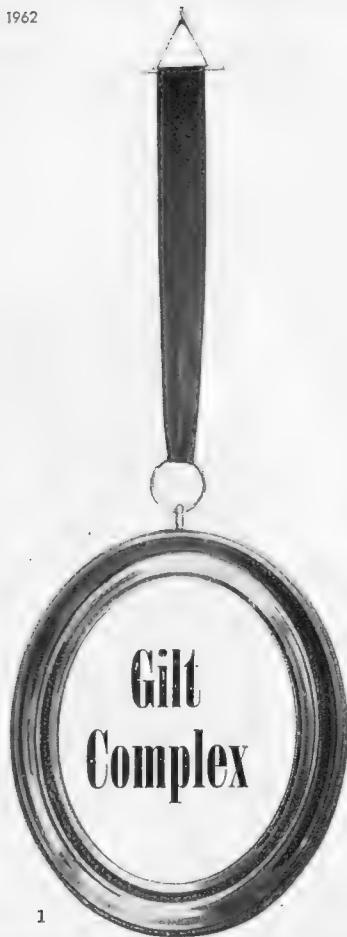
I imagine it will be of indispensable interest to all those who are thinking of embarking, or indeed have embarked already, on any of diverse boats which plough the fashion sea. There are chapters on *haute couture*, on design, on reporting, on photography, on modelling, on advertising, on training—to mention only a few; and each is written *from the inside*, by someone who clearly *knows*, with a view to informing the tyro. But it will also be read by their mums and sisters; and even (though perhaps surreptitiously) by their boy friends.

But then we are almost all involved in fashion, in one way or another, for better or for worse—whether it's as the one who pays for those absurd Ascot dresses, or as a model-girl's lover, or as a general writer who is suddenly sent (as once happened to me) to cover the Paris collections. So it's a book with a potential readership which is much less limited than might at first be imagined. In any event, the wit and facility of expression which Janey Ironside demonstrates; in a quite unprofessorial way, in every page, makes it readable for everyone.



COUNTER SPY

Found by Elizabeth Williamson



1

Gilding sounds better than gilt which is preferable to gold plate. Just because gold plate infers that the surface is sham—a pretend gold that goes no farther than the initial layer. In fact all gilding gives the impression that the thing is made of solid gold. Some pretty ways with things that shine are presented here. All gilt edged.

1 Solid looking ringed gilt mirror hangs on a cherry red ribbon. £6 from the John Siddeley Boutique, Harriet Street.

2 French gilt rose towel ring makes a charming change from the usual lion's head: £2. Inside it is a gilt pineapple pole end to go at the ends of a curtain rail: 30s. From the fascinating Beardmore's, 77 Cleveland Street, who are architectural ironmongers and have all kinds of gilt, iron and porcelain etceteras for doors and furniture. They have those lovely twirly iron hinges for doors, lots of old key designs to choose from when one is wanted to go with an antique.

3 Brass weight (14 lb.) that is an adequate door stop, gilded sundial that is an efficient outdoor timekeeper. 5 gns. each from Wright & Day, Jermyn Street.

4 Steep and narrow copper cocktail shaker with tin lining by Bongusto of Italy: £3 5s. French gilt tea caddy: £3 17s. and a gilt circular box: £2 17s. at Liberty.

5 Ormolu door piece with a fallen angel head and an ormolu Cupid tip-toeing on a piece of fluorspar. £40 for four door handles which would look their best on heavy Georgian doors; £30 for the Cupid. At the Jewel House, Sloane Street.



2



3



4



5

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YES?

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Royal Court Theatre. (Robert Lang, Colin Jeavons, Rita Tushingham, Colin Blakely.)

Shakespeare down the kitchen sink

ALMOST THE UNLIKELIEST ENTERTAINMENT TO BE EXPECTED AT THE Royal Court Theatre, principal home of the disruptive anti-Establishment drama, is a straightforward production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. However, this thoroughgoing piece of escapism is reputed to be Mr. Tony Richardson's favourite Shakespeare, he is co-director with Mr. George Devine of the theatre, and here accordingly it is. He has brought together for the unlooked-for adventure a young and largely inexperienced company. He may perhaps have believed a little hopefully that their youthfulness and their comparative unfamiliarity with the routine tricks of the Shakespearian theatre would make a charming little shock of surprise—for unconventionality and morni

One can easily follow his reasoning. Shakespeare is not difficult. It has been said that children can usually understand him so long as he is not explained to them, and boys and undergraduates who have never learned to act often perform him notably well. Unhappily for Mr. Richardson, on the company he has got together, though inexperienced, have already begun to learn to act, and one would say that most of them are preparing themselves to play the forceful, realistic characters they may expect to encounter in the "new" drama. They have thus lost their first innocence. The last thing they are capable of doing is to speak the blank verse of Shakespeare unaffectedly, as boys and undergraduates have often been heard to speak it, trusting that given a good delivery of the verse the interest of drama and character automatically follow. Mr. Richardson no doubt has done his best with them in the limited time available, but even he is surely more than a little disconcerted by the result, which, not to put too fine a point on it, must be called disastrous.

I have seen a great many performances of this comedy and I cannot recall ever hearing it spoken so execrably. The actors are so busy acting that the words seem to mean nothing to them. They gabble and they shout them and, as often as not, become inaudible, even in a theatre which is rather too small for the play. Mr. Colin Jeavons as Oberon and Mr. Robert Lang as Duke Theseus alone speak plainly, and even they rarely attempt the full music of their parts. They are energetic and sincerely doing their best but without a Shakespearian style of sorts, or poetic feeling among the lords and ladies and immortals, this comedy is best left alone. It is possible for the magic-doped lovers to be sufficiently humanized for them to represent symbolically the familiar workings of actual love in idleness in the human heart, but if there is no Edith Evans and no Athene Seyler at hand to undertake the difficult task the whole quartet must necessarily be formalized. In that case the actors must speak and move rhythmically. Miss Lynn Redgrave, Miss Rita Tushingham, Mr. Corin Redgrave and Mr. Kenneth McReddie neither weave an entrancing pattern nor extract any distinctive humour from the characters.

We are thrown back on the comic Warwickshire mechanicals. Mr. Colin Blakely is quite good as a comic, but he is far from being,

as Hazlitt called Bottom, "the most romantic of mechanics." As we watch him bossing the rehearsal party we might easily condemn him for conceit and pushing himself forward overmuch. But that of course is unjust to the man. He engrosses the play not because he is unobtrusive, but because he is ingenuously eager to meet all occasions and to throw himself into any part in life that offers. He does not unduly press himself or his suggestions on the company but yields with good grace to the common voice.

Mr. Blakely is inclined to underdo the good grace; and when he finds himself the sport of the wizardries of the night he is a little too much taken by surprise for a man who is equal to all occasions. Bottom should neither be flustered nor flattered. He has an unerring sense of the fitness of things which never deserts him, and it is this quality which Mr. Blakely seems to miss. And the lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe when it comes before the Duke is less funny than it should be, because the players are all too conscious of their own absurdity and miss no opportunity to underline points that need no underlining. But still the experience of attempting to play Shakespeare may ultimately be good for the young actors. We may not in that case have suffered in vain.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

Blood & Roses. Director Roger Vadim. (Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli, Annette Vadim.)

Lover Come Back. Director Delbert Mann. (Rock Hudson, Doris Day, Tony Randall.)

The Ninth Circle. Director France Stiglic. (Dusica Zegarac, Boris Dvornik.)

Hungry For Love. Director Antonio Pietrangeli. (Simone Signoret, Emanuela Riva, Marcello Mastroianni, Sandra Milo.)

Day Shall Dawn. Director Aaejay Kardar. (Tripti Mitra, Zurain Rakshi.)

What's that on your neck?

WE HAVE LONG BEEN AWARE THAT M. ROGER VADIM HAS AN EYE FOR A pretty girl—it was he who saw and exploited the potentialities of Mme. Brigitte Bardot—but it would seem from *Blood & Roses* that he has neither a nose for a story nor an ear for dialogue: unless, of course, he made this rum little piece with his tongue in his cheek. There may be some perfectly good reason why the film should begin and end in a Romeward bound airliner, with a chatty doctor wading into and out of a tale of modern-day vampirism, which is unfolded in one long flashback. Perhaps the altitude is intended to account for the dizziness of some of the doctor's inventions—he prattles about incidents of which he cannot possibly have any personal knowledge—or maybe the flight is used merely to pad the thing out to an acceptable length for the distributors. I don't know—but it seemed madly irritating and unnecessary.

Mme. Annette Vadim, a beautiful blonde, is staying with her cousin, Mr. Mel Ferrer, at his villa near Rome. She is in love with him but he is engaged to Signorina Elsa Martinelli, a beautiful brunette. While exploring an ancient cemetery in the grounds, Mme. Vadim stumbles into the open tomb of one of her ancestresses—a vampire from away back, who takes possession of her. Soon Mme. Vadim is hungrily pursuing a pretty serving-wench (Signorina Gabriella Farinon); having disposed of the unfortunate girl, she develops a passionate desire for Signorina Martinelli's blood—the implication being that the vampire is strictly Lesbian. The Signorina, waking from a nightmare (the only effective sequence in the film), finds that her neck has been nibbled. Mme. Vadim can now die happy—in a convenient explosion and the gleeful knowledge that she has infected her cousin's future bride with her own brand of vampirism.

The dialogue, dubbed into English, is bad enough to be funny; the acting is sufficiently wooden to suggest that the cast is made up exclusively of zombies—dead creatures, galvanized into going through motions dictated by the director. No—it really won't do.

Mr. Rock Hudson is coming along very nicely as a light comedian and he is ideally partnered by that dear girl, Miss Doris Day, in *Lover Come Back*—an extremely well written film, slickly directed by Mr. Delbert

Mann and set in that street of ballyhoo, Madison Avenue, New York. Rivals in the advertising racket, Miss Day and Mr. Hudson have never met—but Miss D. is aware that Mr. H. has stolen an important account from her in a highly unethical way and she intends to expose his wicked goings-on to the Advertising Council. Her chief witness is a chorus-girl (deliciously dumb Miss Edie Adams) whom Mr. Hudson has used to seduce a susceptible client. Wily Mr. Hudson lures Miss Adams over to his side by starring her in a series of TV commercials boasting an entirely imaginary product called VIP. There is the dickens of a flap when Mr. Hudson's divinely dotty boss, Mr. Tony Randall, puts these bogus commercials on the air—and Mr. Hudson has frantically to hire a chemist (Mr. Jack Kruschen) to invent a product—a pill or a paste or a powder, hair-restorer, detergent, a mouth-wash or what have you—*anything* at all that can be marketed as VIP. Miss Day, hot on the trail of this new account, runs the chemist to his lair—but unfortunately she mistakes Mr. Hudson for Mr. Kruschen. While the real chemist is thinking up VIP—it turns out to be a sort of candy that dissolves into pure alcohol in the mouth—Mr. Hudson strings Miss Day along unmercifully, but you can depend on her to get her own back before the end. It's first-class light entertainment—glossy as all get-out.

From Yugoslavia comes **The Ninth Circle**—a profoundly moving and horrifying film about anti-Semitism in Zagreb under the Nazis. The *pro forma* marriage of a 17-year-old Jewish girl to a 19-year-old boy, who takes her as his wife solely to protect her from deportation, ends in tragedy for them both. Miss Dusica Zegarac is heartbreaking as the persecuted innocent—all the acting is sensitive and the direction impressive. This is an extraordinarily mature work to have been produced by so young a film industry.

Signor Antonio Pietrangeli's rather rambling film, **Hungry For Love**, is, in its way, also a persecution story. Four prostitutes try to start a new life for themselves when the closing down of all brothels in Italy renders them homeless. By pooling their savings, they hope to buy a country restaurant—to run as a restaurant and nothing else—but because they all have police records they are refused a licence. A rich and "respected" habitué of the brothel (Signor Claudio Gora) comes to their rescue: he will obtain a licence in his name, providing they will make him a business partner. The restaurant flourishes—the work is hard but the girls enjoy it and their new-found respectability. Then Signor Gora makes it clear that he expects them to practise their old profession on the side—there is to be no escape from the sordid past. In a fury, the girls wreck the restaurant, after first denouncing Signor Gora to the astonished customers—and back they go to the town, to walk the streets. Mlle. Simone Signoret gives a formidable performance as the leading tart and is ably supported by the Signorini Sandra Milo, Emanuela Riva and Gina Rovere. Signor Marcello Mastroianni, without whom no Italian film is complete, is good as a glib, gallivanting car-salesman.

Day Shall Dawn, the first Pakistani film ever to be shown in this country, is an exceptionally beautiful study of humble Pakistani fishermen, struggling to earn a living, saving to buy their own boats, and living a touching community life together. There is great poverty among them—but there is no despair.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

The Ball, by Christine Lambert (Gollancz, 18s.).
London, by William Gaunt (Batsford, 21s.).
Man & Dolphin, by Dr. J. C. Lilly (Gollancz, 30s.).
Fun Without Flowers, by Julia Clements (Newnes, 25s.).
The Remarkable Kennedys, by Joe McCarthy (Gollancz, 21s.).

Sugar-plum at bathtime

THE SORT OF THING ONE LOOKS FOR AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK AND IS generally unable to find, Miss Lambert's **The Ball** is a marshmallow, a lollipop of a light novel without the slightest pretensions, gigantically sentimental, wish-fulfilling and positively birthday-cake in its sugariness and urge to please; a novel, in fact, for a boiling bath that is guaranteed to last for several hours. This sugar-plum treat is about a tragic

beautiful lady, much beloved, who is dying stoically of leukaemia, looks 30 years younger than her age, loves to influence the lives of others, and decides to interest herself in three lives in particular before it's too late. She also decides to give a very grand party, which is the novel's climax, and then to make the ultimate decision that all such beautiful, doomed ladies make, gallantly and often with a little crooked smile, at the end. The lives she affects belong to younger women, and the outcome is adultery, rape, abortion and suicide.

I am not at all sure what such depressing events prove in the context, nor quite what we are supposed to think about the ravishing Countess de Fleury and her younger protégées. Not, for a moment, that such problems matter. The whole thing is so much cheery nonsense, not to be taken seriously, and as the bath salts rise in suffocating clouds and Emma pines for lost Adam, Scott pines for Emma, Gino for Meg, Titus for Susan and so on and so forth, one reads on in a sort of undemanding daze, which is precisely what rain-fiction and bath-fiction should induce. Almost everyone in the book is attractive—or can be made so with a little lipstick and a new dress—almost everyone is in torments of misery and self-reproach. I don't see what more you could ask, if this is in fact your kind of chocolate-toffee in the first place.

To write a word about capital cities, especially one's own, takes enormous nerve, an inquiring, idiosyncratic eye, and a style that one would rather forgive for being over-mannered than yawn over for being as well-used as the air in a cinema just before they play the National Anthem. I love, and am slightly intimidated by, William Sansom's **London**, George Stonier's **London**—the town that belongs to the real look-no-hands stylists with the gimlet eyes who live in a climate that honestly has very little to do with the everyday weather in the streets. William Gaunt's **London** isn't like that at all. It doesn't set out to shock you into seeing an ordinary street differently, to sear you to death with the mere thought of the weirdness that is the parrot house at the Zoo. Mr. Gaunt's guided tour is thoroughly respectable, traditional, complete, and well worth the ticket; it never snatches the breath, nor turns a sentence in a way that might make one look at a familiar street or building in a new light. There are some pretty pictures by Eric de Maré, and at least nobody will be offended. I have recently read a wild and entirely delicious book about London—well, more or less about London—by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill, and the landscape hasn't seemed quite the same to me since. This is not what Mr. Gaunt's book does for one, and a good many people might quite well say a good job too.

Briefly... Man & Dolphin is a jolly book by Dr. J. C. Lilly about the nice chummy dolphins he and his assistants (most of whom are encouragingly photogenic) studied in order to find out how they breathed, thought and spoke. I am all for dolphins when found in the company of small brown boys in legends of bronze, but my urge to exchange the time of day with them in speech is limited. All Dr. Lilly's dolphins look euphoric to the point of wooziness, and are frequently photographed smiling soppily while being patted by cheerful blondes. I haven't a thing against the nice creatures, and I think the book makes a nice change from **Man & Otter** and **Woman & Lioness**. . . . "Although I am a very busy person I become as excited as a child when buying a small bag of cement and dashing home to mix it." Julia Clements, the excited cement-mixer, is the author of **Fun Without Flowers**, and she is absolutely bursting with top-hole wheezes such as painting a tin colander mauve and filling it with pink and purple petunias, and why not is what I say. The book tells you clearly and astonishingly how to arrange a small stewpot, held on a knob of Plasticine, with stems of maize; how to build a gay Christmas tree out of cotton reels; and how to set a windblown china lady called "Top o' the Hill" in a small dish of water backed by some bendy bits of pussy willow. I am a little amazed that it should happen at all, but enormously admiring of the courage, tenacity and inventiveness involved in the whole process. Somehow it all seems British to the core. . . . And lastly, **The Remarkable Kennedys**, by Joe McCarthy, contains an unnerving quotation from a piece, written by a friend, called "Rules for Visiting the Kennedys," which gives a sardonic and horrific account of touch football as played by the entire Kennedy family. ("Don't let the girls fool you. Even pregnant, they can make you look silly.").



"Pardon me while I limber up"

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Friday & Saturday Night At The Blackhawk (2 vols.) by Miles Davis
At The Village Vanguard, by Gerry Mulligan
The Proper Time, by Shelly Manne
Philly Joe's Beat, by Philly Joe Jones

Trumpeter extraordinary

SWEET VICTORIES IN THE AMERICAN POPULARITY POLLS HAVE ONCE again given Miles Davis, trumpeter extraordinary to the Court of New Orleans (1), the right to wear a king's crown, for the trumpet has always been regarded, since the days of Oliver and Armstrong, as the king of jazz instruments. When Miles first achieved recognition he became the centre of something more than just musical attraction—to the point where his fashion in clothes, his mannerisms on the band stand, and his style of trumpet playing were all aped with equal glibness by a lesser generation of copyists; unfortunately their sheer numbers are permeating and infecting the whole modern jazz movement with Davis-isms. One of his biggest recorded sessions to date comes from Friday and Saturday night sessions at San Francisco's most devoted nightclub, the Blackhawk (TFL5163/4). The first album is not one of his most impressive outings, afflicted as it is with blatant mistakes and some rather doubtful intonation. Only pianist Wynton Kelly really shines throughout the six tracks, and even his solos are reduced in quality by poor recording. Saturday night proved to be a more enlivening session

for Miles, who ripped off several immaculate choruses of *Well you needn't*. Even here his lip seems to be out of shape, and the meat is mostly provided by Kelly's sparkling piano, but Miles is both intriguing and searching in his extended solos, which invariably possess a variety of tonal as well as chordal expression.

Gerry Mulligan formed his big band in 1960, and his first "live" recording was made At The Village Vanguard (CSD1396). In terms of *avant-garde* thought, his work falls short of that exhibited by Miles Davis, but as a composer and arranger he depicts a far more acceptable scene within the broad scope of modern jazz. One significant reaction on the leader's part is that he claims that he and the band produce better results in front of an audience, through the generation of greater confidence. In fact I believe this vital assurance comes to the musician through the more urgent need to communicate—something which can be sadly lacking in the cold bleakness of the recording studio, with its winking lights and nothing but microphones to blow at.

The use of a jazz score as background music for films has become increasingly common in recent years. Miles Davis pioneered the improvised type in *Ascenseur pour l'échafaud*, made in France in 1957. More recently Shelly Manne used this method, with underscoring, in the Hollywood production *The Proper Time*, and the basic material was reworked for Contemporary's album of the same name (SCA5027). Without having seen the film, I can only say that the music is reasonably interesting, and certainly gives the soloists ample time to expand their ideas. Richie Kamuca's tenor and Victor Feldman's vibraphone produce the best ideas.

Another top-ranking American drummer, Philly Joe Jones, makes his débüt as a leader in **Philly Joe's Beat** (LTZ-K15230), a London album issued towards the end of last year. Despite his tasteful perfectionist drumming, the group sound is rather harsh and bleak, based on the hard uncompromising music which the early moderns played. Bill Barron's tenor and Walter Davis's piano make the most interesting contributions.

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Roger Mayne

Gillian Ayres with some of her huge canvases

GALLERIES

Robert Wright

Gillian Ayres, Molton Gallery
Sylvia Sleigh, Trafford Gallery

Plums in the 1962 pudding

BEFORE DISCUSSING THE WORK OF THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN WHOSE shows I have seen this week, I want to pass on to you some of the pleasurable expectations with which I am facing the art-prospect before us this year. That I am able to do this is largely due to *The Arts Review*, which includes in its current issue an extensive list of forthcoming exhibitions in London and many Continental cities. After only a glance through this list I have already planned a working holiday that will take in a Council of Europe exhibition of European Art in Vienna, the Venice Biennale (at which Britain will be represented by Ceri Richards and sculptors Hubert Dalwood and Robert Adams) and, on the way home, a show called *Rubens Diplomate* in Brussels and another, *Figures de Corot*, at the Louvre.

That will bring me back to London in good time for what looks like being *the* show of the year—a retrospective exhibition of Oskar Kokoschka's work at the Tate, from 14 September to 10 November. The Whitechapel Art Gallery, which has started the year provocatively with its Mark Tobey exhibition, will later be putting on shows by Keith Vaughan, Barbara Hepworth and my favourite Australian, Arthur Boyd. Wildenstein's promises, for the end of this month, a "Religious Themes in Painting" show which we can only hope will be better than the sorry farce of similar title which we saw at the Tate in 1958.

Marlborough Fine Art are showing Graham Sutherland's new work in May and June, and are bound to have a great success on their hands. Then, in October, they will be giving us more Kandinsky—drawings and water-colours—under the title "Incunabula of Abstract Art I." (Don't be put off by that word. My dictionary says it means simply "any early or beginning period.") In view of past experiences of contemporary

American painting I shall go to the American Embassy's USIS Gallery prepared for shocks when its "Vanguard American Painting" show opens on 25 February. And for similar reasons I'll be expecting surprises at the Hanover Gallery when the curiously named gentlemen Golub, Ipousteguy and Marfaing are exhibiting. In May, also at the Hanover, I will try once again to understand why British artist Henry Mundy keeps winning prizes (Carnegie, Littlewood's, etc.) for his painting. But I don't expect to succeed. His work seems to be one of those things, like football or fretwork, to which I feel I shall never learn to respond.

Looking at that last sentence I realize that last week I might have written "like football or Gillian Ayres's work." But after being surrounded by Miss Ayres's latest paintings for two hours I found, to my astonishment, that they had begun to grow on me. And, of course, the artist grew correspondingly in my esteem. So much bunk has been written about "environmental" painting in attempts to justify the use of vast canvases by artists of very small talents that, when confronted by any abstract painting more than 6 ft. square, I am subject to a conditioned reflex of suspicion. Having, prior to the present exhibition, seen Miss Ayres's large canvases only one at a time and in big mixed shows, I had formed the opinion that despite her bold technique—pouring and brushing the paint on to a canvas flooded with turpentine—she was producing no more than colourful trivialities blown up to absurdly large proportions. But the current transformation of the Molton Gallery by a number of these big paintings—they fill the place with a vibrant light and, surprisingly, make it seem more spacious—suggests that a single one might well create, in a living-room of normal size, a whole new and vital environment.

Nothing could be more remote from this conception of painting as an element in which to live than the curiously Victorian approach of Sylvia Sleigh to her Victorian subjects—the derelict statuary in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. No doubt her I-am-a-camera attitude will one day earn the thanks of some minor historian, but it seems a pity that, having had sufficient imagination to see in these relics "a ruin of 19th-century democracy," she lacked the imagination to express that aspect of them in terms of paint.

● **First stop:** Harrods, who are the first to have Bronnley's new delicious packaging for their lemon soaps—a big glass spice jar with a ground glass lid which contains a supply of their tangy, English lemon guest soaps (pictured below).

● **Second stop:** Fortnum & Mason, whose perfumery department is always difficult to resist. Presented here is a frosty silver spray from France (£2 13s. 6d.) which carries a glass phial to fill with a favourite scent. The double-sided circular mirror (£3 18s.) behind is prettily banded with topaz and treacle-hued stones.

● **Third stop:** Yardley counters from 25 February, when they will have two new additions to their Florentine range. The eyeshadow in a streamlined stick (specially good: Silver and Turquoise) for 7s. 8d., and a pencil-like self-sharpening eye liner with a just-soft-enough-lead (good: the khaki Auburn and Dark Brown: 12s. 4d.).

● **Fourth stop:** Carita, who have the luxe Dior compact with its



efficient double sealing to prevent spilling, and instant opening system (5 gns.), in elegant ridged gilt.

● **Fifth stop:** the cream worth waiting for if your skin is upwards of 24 years old. A middle-aged guinea-pig reported it pleasant to use and said it helped her surface dryness—she couldn't vouch for any deeper improvement, just the way her skin looked and felt to her. Sharp-eyed shoppers will find it at stores like Harrods and Dickins & Jones first but it won't be generally on sale until early spring. Called Eterna, by Revlon.

IMPULSE BUYING

CURTAIN

Three faces from the theatre: *Right*: Elaine Dundy, whose first play, *My Place*, has already opened in the provinces before coming to London. It is a back-stage drama and stars Diane Cilento (*below*) as a young actress who finds that success threatens her integrity. *Opposite*: New-wave actress Rita Tushingham, who first caught the public eye in the film of Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste Of Honey*. She is currently playing Hermia in Tony Richardson's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Royal Court Theatre



David Sim



Photographs by Morris Newcombe

UP





MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

OUT IN SWEDEN IN THE DEPTHS OF WINTER, MY HOST DROVE THE CAR on to the parking place outside the block of flats, reached for a cable and plugged the engine in to an electric socket on the wall. Although the car had to stand out all night at below-zero temperatures (Fahrenheit, not Centigrade!) it started easily next morning, its engine having been kept warm all night by an electric heater. The type in most general use consists of an element built into the engine cooling system to keep the water warm. It has the advantage that it also keeps a good temperature in the heater system ready to defrost the windscreen and heat the interior straight away. But it consumes a fair amount of current as it is putting heat into a system which is designed to dispel heat.

This reasoning has led to the production of another type of heater, that warms the engine oil in the sump. This kind can be used on engines which are air- or water-cooled, ensuring easy starting and a rapid warm-up, with reduced battery drain and lower fuel consumption. They are made by Power Frequency Heating, Ltd., of Hounslow. At



Above: Goodyear tyres undergo below-zero tests in Wisconsin. Below: The Icelert, that flashes a warning to the driver in ice-forming conditions



And now—ice-radar

present they are made in ratings of 100, 150 and 250 watts and are mainly used on fire engines and commercial vehicles, but there must be many motorists whose cars have to stand out all the year round who would be interested, and a 50-watt unit is being developed for baby cars. Fitting needs only one small hole drilled in the side of the sump.

Ice and hoar frost on the windows and windscreen are no problem, as I carry a little plastic scraper that the NSU people gave me last time I was in Germany. Several firms give them away as advertising gadgets, including some of the fuel and oil people, but they seem to be almost unknown in England. Ice on the road is a different matter and even the most experienced driver can be caught out on a long night trip when he suddenly hits a patch of black ice. Travelling in a well-heated modern car, one has no indication of how low the temperature may have fallen outside, so a firm of electronics specialists near Edinburgh—Findlay, Irvine, Ltd., of Penicuik—have developed a warning device called the Icelert. In its circular chromium plated casing it looks like a small fog lamp, and mounted near the bumper it instantly detects temperatures in the range likely to produce ice on the road. At first a red warning light on the instrument panel begins to flash and when heavy freezing conditions are reached it lights up continuously. If a thaw begins, the light starts flashing once more; a reminder of the specially slippery conditions on wet ice. Icelerts are already used on motorway patrol vehicles. They cost £5 17s. 6d. or £7 17s. 6d. for the *de luxe* model.

Two new winter motoring aids come in aerosols that deliver them in the form of a fine spray. One is an ice remover sold by the energetic Mr. Holt, who before the war used to have a little accessory shop in the alleyway beside the old Holborn Empire and has since become a millionaire by marketing aids to easier motoring. Sprayed on windows thickly covered with ice and hoar frost, it just seemed to dissolve it away. Another is Ambersil MS.4, a silicone water-repellent film which can be sprayed on to plugs, distributors, coils, battery tops and electrical wiring to waterproof them. In cold weather many a car which is apparently snug in its garage acquires a coat of condensed moisture all over its electrical equipment which makes starting very difficult, and this kind of treatment should help to prevent electrical leakages. The makers say it can also be used to prevent door locks freezing up.

Writing about tyres for bad weather some weeks ago I mentioned the high-hysteresis anti-skid Turbospeed Mark II tyres produced by Avon for fast cars. They have now applied the same method of construction to a tyre for the ordinary family car, the H.M.Safety, claimed to be the first high-hysteresis tyre at standard-tyre prices. The special "cling" rubber which gives a 25 per cent improvement in grip on wet roads is combined with resilient sidewalls of normal rubber, to prevent the heat build-up which can occur with tyres made entirely of high-hysteresis material.

It is not so long since some British tyre manufacturers were taking a defeatist attitude to the problems of winter motoring, arguing that there was little to be done in improving grip under severe conditions. Encounters with Continental products in the Monte Carlo Rally changed all that and in some respects we are now setting the pace. However, the work is made a lot easier when the right kind of winter weather can be guaranteed for experimental work and Goodyear have sent me some details of the winter tests they have been carrying out at Pine Lake, Wisconsin, in a six-week programme to try out their latest Ultra Grip range. One test reminded me of the way people fly model aeroplanes on the end of a cable. In this case a cable was attached to a swivel on a post in the centre of a circle of ice and the other end connected to the right front stub axle. This forced the driver to drive in a circle of fixed radius and speed was increased until the tail end slid outwards. Traction was measured by using cars to tow heavily laden trucks over snow and ice, using recording devices to measure the pull exerted before wheelspin set in. So new methods and new materials gradually reduce the hazards of winter motoring.

So many ways with chicken

PROGRESS IS FAST IN THE FOOD WORLD, SOMETIMES ALMOST TOO FAST, and then comes a pause during which one wonders why something has not been done about a perfectly obvious need. I am writing with chicken breasts particularly in mind. They come to us frozen, and very convenient they are—but you buy them by weight and this may mean two fair-sized breasts and one small one in a packet, whereas we want them of uniform size. This was made clear to me this past week when I was making CHICKEN PAPRIKA, not from a cookery book but my own idea of the dish. As there were to be four of us, this meant two or even three of the frozen packets, which would have made the cost far too high. So off I went to a progressive store where I knew I could buy as many chicken breasts as I required—they cost 3s. each, again fairly expensive, considering that for 12s. to 12s. 6d. one can buy a whole bird, giblets and all. Because I wanted to have four good-sized breasts or *suprêmes* of chicken, I decided to buy two birds. Since I knew that everyone would want a second helping I cooked the lot, and the dish was no longer the high-class one I set out to produce. Using the breasts only for the one dish means that the thighs and drumsticks can be served as *Poulet Chasseur* in a dark, rich, mushroom-tomato sauce on another day.

What about small broilers, costing about 7s. 6d. each? Two of them will serve four people very well. Cut each into four pieces. Trim off the wing tip and backbone and place them in a pan with the giblets, except the liver. (Wrap these in bacon and grill them for the next day's savoury.) Add a chopped Spanish onion, a *bouquet garni*, a teaspoon of salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Cover and cook gently for about 2 hours.

Later, melt together 2 oz. of butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. Work a tablespoon of paprika into them and gently fry the chicken pieces, skin side down then cut side, to a pale gold all over. Transfer the pieces to a casserole, add a tablespoon of the strained stock and keep hot over a low heat. Add to the frying-pan a finely chopped large Spanish onion, cover and cook it in its own steam until soft. Rub it through a sieve on to the chicken or *purée* it with a little strained stock in an electric blender and add it to the casserole. If necessary, add a small nut of butter to the frying-pan. Work in a tablespoon of corn-flour and a dessertspoon of paprika, then blend in a dessertspoon of tubed tomato *purée* and just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the strained stock. Boil up until nicely smooth and not very thick. Pour this sauce over the chicken and cook, covered, for another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Taste and season further as required. At the last minute, very gently stir into the casserole $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of double cream or a small tub of cultured cream.

Vegetables? Green peas and Patna rice, boiled as for curry, with each grain separate.

Chopped chicken liver can be a very pleasing hors d'oeuvres. The other day a man who cooked for an officer's mess in World War II gave me his mother's recipe with his own added garnish. When you buy a chicken ask for a few extra livers because, believe it or not, many people will have nothing to do with the giblets, which is wonderful for the rest of us! Gently grill the livers. Leave them to become cold, then chop them and moisten them with rendered chicken fat. (Sometimes you can buy this fat separately.) Season the livers with salt and pepper to your liking. Heap spoonfuls on lettuce leaves and sprinkle them with chopped, hard-cooked eggs. On one side, have diced beetroot dressed with oil and vinegar; on the other have the tiniest of cold boiled potatoes dipped in mayonnaise and sprinkled with chopped chives. Then finish off the dish with sweet pickled gherkins, cut lengthwise almost to their end and opened out like fans.

A somewhat new orange—I say "somewhat" because it has been here before but now is going to be better known to us—is the Ortanique. It is a cross between the sweet orange and the tangerine—hence the name "ortan" and the "ique" from "unique." And unique it is. It is very juicy, and its skin will give an added zest to dried fruits.



The Dry Fly palate

Styles of sherry vary considerably, but Dry Fly, a finely blended medium sherry, is designed to cover the widest possible range of tastes. It is delicious as an aperitif before a meal, served mid-morning with biscuits, or as an evening refresher. 18/6 a bottle.

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Scrymgeour-Wedderburn—Fox-Pitt: Janet Mary, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, & the Countess of Dundee, of Birkhill, Cupar, Fife, was married to Capt. Mervyn Fox-Pitt, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt, of Sherborne, Dorset, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Lenare



Miss Victoria Margaret Aykroyd to Mr. Robin Fleming: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, Harrogate, Yorkshire. He is the son of Major & Mrs. Philip Fleming, of Barton Abbey, Steeple Aston, Oxon



Miss Anne Mary Wight-Boycott to Mr. Michael Henry Eustace: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. R. Wight-Boycott, of Field House, Earleywood, Ascot. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. H. Eustace, of Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford



Miss Joanna Christina Crewe-Read to Capt. John A. Morton: She is the daughter of Col. J. O. & the Hon. Mrs. Crewe-Read, of Camberley. He is the son of Brig. & Mrs. C. W. Morton, of Berkhamsted, Herts

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. J. M. A. Haddick and Miss S. S. Jolly

The engagement is announced between John Michael, only son of Mrs. D. Yule, of Mentone, Ballsbridge, Dublin, Eire, and Susan Stratford, only daughter of Mrs. E. M. Jolly, of Likoni, Mombasa, Kenya.

Mr. P. C. Hawkins and Miss S. P. Nicholson

The engagement is announced between Peter Charles, son of Group Captain and Mrs. Charles Hawkins, of Caldey House, Pamber Heath, Basingstoke, Hampshire, and Susan Peta, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. B. R. Nicholson, of Moat House, Ivyehurch, Romney Marsh, Kent.

Major E. M. Warrick and Miss J. K. Gobey

The engagement is announced between Major Edward Stanley Warrick, Royal Engineers, son of Mrs. E. S. Warrick, of Old Stables, Osmington, Dorset, and of the late Mr. E. Warrick, of Sydney, and Janet Kathleen, only daughter of Mrs. K. N. Gobey and the late Mr. L. J. Gobey, of 194 The Avenue, Kennington, Oxford.

Captain J. R. Pratt and Miss A. J. Miles

The engagement is announced between Captain John Reginald Pratt, R.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pratt, of Barton Lodge, St. John's Road, Abingdon, Berks, and Annette June, only daughter of Major and Mrs. F. C. H. Miles, of 85 Supply Depot, Bielefeld, B.F.P.O. 39.

Mr. R. M. Davey and Miss E. F. Bacon

The engagement is announced between Richard Mackenzie, son of Mr. E. H. Davey and the late Mrs. Davey, of Greetwell Hall, Manton, Gainsborough, and Elizabeth Frances, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bacon, Nettleton Lodge, Caistor, Lincoln.

Mr. J. E. McGuire and Miss P. A. Gore

The engagement is announced between James Edward, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McGuire, of London, Ontario, Canada, and Penelope Anne, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. C. H. C. Gore, of Thatchcombe, Haselbury Plucknett, Somerset.

Mr. D. H. Steven and Miss S. N. F. Northcott

The engagement is announced between Donald Hume, son of the late Dr. G. A. Steven and of Mrs. A. S. Steven, of Yelverton, Devon, and Susan Nora Fraser, eldest daughter of Mr. J. F. Northcott, and the late Mrs. Margaret Northcott, of East Winch, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Mr. G. P. McGowan and Miss M. L. Stocks

The engagement is announced between Geoffrey Philip, son of Mr. G. McGowan and the late Mrs. McGowan, of Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire, and Marian Lesley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stocks, of Leasingham, near Sleaford, Lincolnshire.

Mr. P. Hurtig and Miss M. J. B. Trigger

The engagement is announced between Pedro, son of Señor and Señora A. Hurtig, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Jane, daughter of the late W. Trigger, F.R.C.V.S., and Mrs. Trigger, of Queen Street, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

Mr. A. O. L. Hodgson and Miss J. U. Phillips

The engagement is announced between Anthony Owen Langlois, son of Captain H. H. J. Hodgson, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Hodgson, of Grey Croft, Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire, and Judith Ursula, daughter of the late Mr. A. C. L. Phillips, and Mrs. U. F. Campbell Robb, of Holmwood, Cambridge Road, Clevedon, Somerset.

Mr. M. J. Harte and Miss D. Hayes

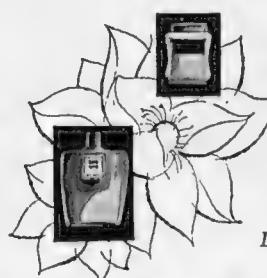
The engagement is announced between Michael John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Harte, of Devonshire House, Dyke Road Avenue, Hove, Sussex, and Diana, daughter of Mr. G. B. M. Hayes, M.C., J.P., and Mrs. Hayes, of Sutton House, Ogmore-by-Sea, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Mr. B. St. J. Haycock and Miss D. M. Phillips

The engagement is announced between Brian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley R. Haycock, of Belmont, Surrey, and Delia Mary, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Phillips, of Little Common, Bexhill-on-Sea.



Skins, too, wake up for Spring . . .

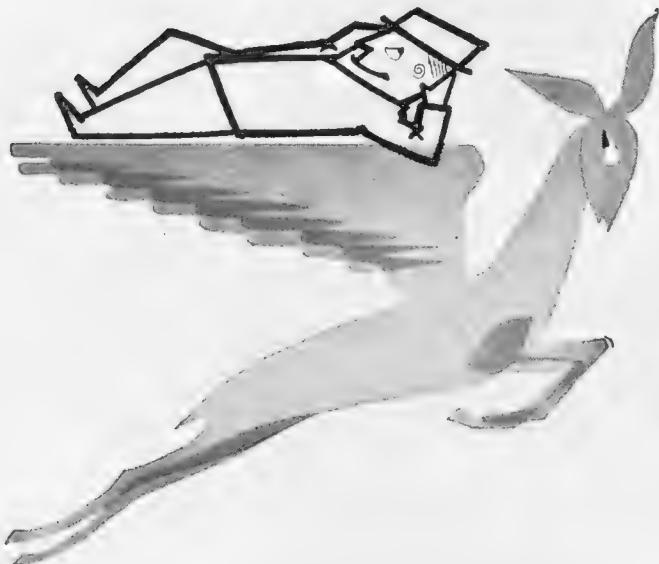


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ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Victorian remembrance

IF YOU ARE EVER ASKED, ON AN OCCASION INVOLVING PRESTIGE, THE question "What is as Victorian as a heavy moustache?" you should come up smartly with "A moss rose." This is much more effective than trying to be knowledgeable by saying "Peabody Buildings" or funny by answering "an even heavier moustache." For of all the relics of that over-praised, over-criticized era, at once romantic and utilitarian, the moss rose is the most typical and most endearing. The very name conjures up pictures of bright water-colours in albums and moss roses on porcelain door plates, or of villas like the Small House at Allington where young ladies (drawn by Mr. Millais) pick moss roses in the half-light of an 1860 evening.

Moss roses reached perhaps their greatest popularity 100 years ago, and a very large number of varieties were introduced from white through pinks and various shades of crimson to the darkest purple. Out of all those then available only a small number remain, not more than a few dozen, but this total includes most of the best. *R. Centifolia* seems to have been the parent of the moss roses, so called from the mossy covering to their stalks and sepals. The beginnings of this tendency to produce glandular moss-like hairs can be seen in various 18th-century roses, such as *Unique Blanche*. A curious and delightful early form is the *Crested Moss*, more properly a crested cabbage but now grouped with the moss roses. It is a charming rose to grow. Then came the great moss roses of the 19th century, globular and fully mossed; sometimes the moss is a bright verdant green, sometimes flecked with red and in some varieties entirely wine red. I grow a fair number of them. Needless to say, they are at their best in the bud stage when the moss half-reveals, half-conceals the exquisite silky petals beneath. They are all sweetly scented.

Most flower in the months of June and July, though the Victorians, in order to prolong the flowering season, introduced what were called hybrid moss roses, not so well mossed and formed from crossings with Hybrid Perpetual and Bourbon Roses. *Salet* is one of these. Rich, deep cultivation is necessary for the finest moss roses, with plenty of manure or compost. When fully established, they make large bushes; so allow plenty of room. New shoots are produced from time to time in the growing season and these allow for the cutting out of old wood; crossing shoots are also pruned out to prevent overcrowding. Some of my moss roses are grown in a shaded corner of the garden; they do not object to this; on the contrary a little shade, so long as it is not damp and airless, seems to develop the mossy character.

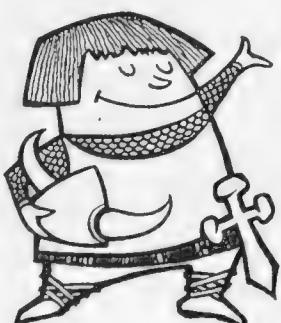


The Crested Moss

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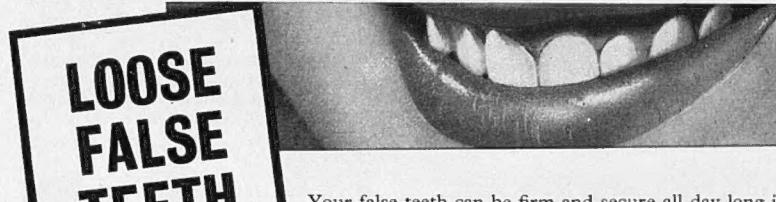
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PERSONAL

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES: Lasting pleasure can now be given to all concerned by including in THE TATLER announcements of forthcoming marriages (see page 337). The rate is 1/- per line and details should be sent together with remittance, to Miss D. Carding, The TATLER, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

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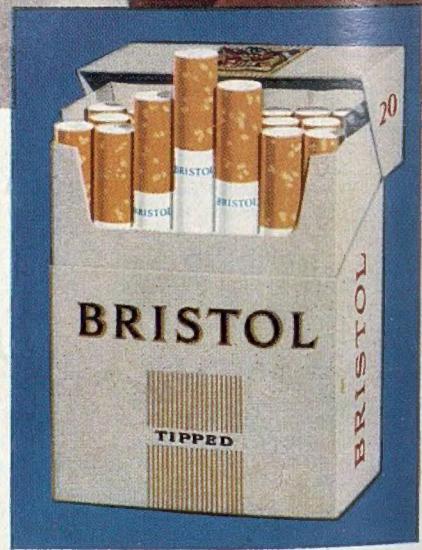
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